



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 26, 1957

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

A WALK INTO AUTUMN



Chico® luxury slacks go practical...they're made with Acrilan®

A stretch behind the wheel isn't exactly designed to keep slacks looking freshly pressed. Unless, of course, you're wearing this wool and Acrilan blend. Impossible? You just don't know Acrilan acrylic fiber by Chemstrand! You should. Acrilan gives these luxurious slacks (see picture) the wherewithal for staying neatly creased, holding

their shape, discouraging wrinkles and spending a lot less time at the cleaners. Tailored meticulously by Esquire Sportswear in flannel or gabardine. Both are uncommonly smart... make uncommonly good sense in your wardrobe.

Chico slacks by Esquire Sportswear Co.

ACRILAN

ACRILAN® IN ALL SIZES IN ALL FALL COLORS (BLACK) AND AND ACRYLIC FIBER (FROM \$18.95)

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10 • PLAIN ACRYLIC FIBER • DORADO, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON • Pensacola, Fla.

See "Bally," new TV comedy starring Joan Caulfield, Sunday nights, NBC-TV Network, sponsored by The Chemstrand Corporation. Check paper for time



Now watching TV is a true spectator sport

New General Electric fine-tunes itself

Just touch a button—or use the remote control—and the next channel comes on with a sharp-tuned picture and sound the way you like it.

It's automatic with General Electric's new *Electronic Self-Tuner*, for you pre-tune each channel individu-

ally the day you get your set. And from then on, you hardly ever have to touch the fine-tuning.

As for style—General Electric's new *Slam Silhouette* cabinets are the loveliest. Only 15 inches deep, they're at least 6 inches shallower than older

models—line up with other furniture instead of jutting awkwardly.

There's rich, lifelike, front sound projection, too. And most consoles include remote control at no extra cost. So visit your dealer right away—enjoy TV as you never have before.



Retail prices will include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse 8, N. Y.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

You can't pass it by



TRIUMPH TR3

only \$2625

The sleek trim lines of the low slung chassis catch every eye for this is functional design and its true beauty shows up in action. Just sit behind the wheel and let the Triumph TR 3 whisk down the highway taking the curves in stride. There's no sway, no rock, for this car hugs the road like a true thoroughbred. A car looms up in your rear view mirror, drop out of overdrive, press lightly on the accelerator and it becomes a disappearing speck as you leap to sixty in no time flat... zip around the curve and suddenly a caution light. Shift down, apply pressure to the pedal. The disc brakes take over and you come to a sure stop without pitch or dip. There's always perfect safety in the track-tested TR 3, and perfect comfort, too. Tight seal side screens and heavy duty heater keep you snug in rain or snow. Try the TR 3! A thrill drive will convince you... here's one car you won't pass up!

\$2625, plus tax and license at U.S. ports of entry. (Slightly higher West Coast ports.)

Wire wheels, hard-top, rear seat and overdrive optional extra

SPECIFICATIONS:

BRAKES: *Disc brakes on front wheels**

TOP SPEED: 110 MPH

MILEAGE: up to 35 MPG

ENGINE: 4 cyl. (OHV) 1331 cc

OUTPUT: 100 BHP

ACCELERATION: 0-50 in 8 sec.

MAINTENANCE:

Parts and service

available coast to coast!

Free Brochure and

dealer list on request.

Write now - for fun!

**A Triumph-plus... as standard equipment.*



Acknowledgments on page 13

COVER: AUTUMN LEAVES

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

When Jerry Cooke walked into autumn in Nova Scotia in search of deer, he came out with this stunning photographic byproduct. Later he visited New York's Bear Mountain State Park to complete the lively and nostalgic color portfolio which begins on page 23.

© 1957 by Time Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions

THE HOCKEY REBELLION

DAN PARKER warns that National Hockey League owners are skating on thin ice

A WALK INTO AUTUMN

JERRY COOKE photographs and JOHN O'REILLY describes the wonders of the woods

WHEN THRONES TOPPLE

... royally trembles, but Queen Elizabeth took it calmly at the Maryland-North Carolina upset— one of many in Football's Fifth Week

CACTUS JACK AND HIS KOKOMOS

Coach Cartace's flights of fancy have the Skyline up in the air

LAZY BONES III: AN ANGLER'S NEW ANGLE

The story of the world's first fishing boat, in diagrams and text

MEXICO'S REBEL ON HORSEBACK

General Humberto Morales is back in the U.S., as peppy as ever. A CONVERSATION PIECE by ALICE HIGGINS with photographs IN COLOR by WALT WIGGINS

WHO WILL WIN THE \$149,734?

Ten hopeful owners await the world's richest horse race

'FETCH, FIDO—OR ELSE!'

The remarkable retrievers, by ED ZERN, with photographs IN COLOR

SPORTING LOOK: WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT

Winter-wear designers learn a lesson from the birds and the beasts

THE DEPARTMENTS

● COMING EVENTS

● SCOREBOARD

● PIGSKIN PANORAMA

● HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

● PRO PARADE

● FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

● FROM THE FLYWAYS

● EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

● CARS ON THE TABLE

● BONNIE PRUDEN

● TIP FROM THE TOP

● HOTBOX

● THE 15TH HOLE

● PAT ON THE BACK

NEXT WEEK

GIRL HAS RIFLE, WILL TRAVEL

Si's Virginia Kraft goes to Montana to report on the wilderness and bags a black bear. With photographs in color

PLUS:

**PRO BASKETBALL—A PREVIEW
OF THE 1957-58 SEASON WITH
COMPLETE SCOUTING REPORTS**



This is a
REEVES
fabric

in
**LONDON FOG
MAINCOATS***

CALIBRE CLOTH... the wash and wear wrinkle-free featherweight fabric by Reeves. A blend of 65% Dacron/35% combed cotton Zelan treated for rain-repellency, machine washable, dries dry even to the removable Dylon lining. The Dundalk by London Fog. About \$50.

CALIBRE CLOTH is made exclusively by
REEVES BROTHERS INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING FABRIC MANUFACTURERS

unusually fine...unusually comfortable!

Allen-Edmonds
(EVERY MAN DESERVES A PAIR)

An out-of-the-ordinary combination of fine-shoe features — exclusively yours in Allen-Edmonds — add up to out-of-the-ordinary comfort from your very first step! That comfort is guaranteed in writing by Allen-Edmonds, or your money back! Try them once — you'll wear them always. Style illustrated \$22.95 ... see your dealer or order direct.



SICO
Formosa
Scandinavian style
in exclusive
Bour-Ton leather

At these and other fine stores

Albany FINESTOCK • Appleton ROBERTS • Atlanta DAVENPORT • Aurora, WINGERT & FISHER • Bay City PERKINS • Boston Range DALLONS • Beverly Hills ROBINSONS • Billings SHOE DEN • Birmingham STEVENS • Boise ROPERS • Boulder BOB SHOE SHOP • Bowling Green DOUGLAS BROTHERS • Brattleboro MARTIN'S • Buffalo HERSHBERG MEN'S SHOP • Butte EDWARDS • Cedar Rapids WOODBURN'S • Cedarhurst ALVIN SHIP SHOES • Charleston FRANKLIN BROTHERS • Cheyenne POWELL'S • Chicago, ROSENBERG'S • Cincinnati, FREEDMAN BROTHERS • Cleveland STONE SHOES • Columbus, GILSON PAPER • Grand Rapids, MILLER'S SHOES • Greenport W. J. PASTER • Dulles LANGRISH • Denver, CHAMBERS • Des Moines HERMAN ECKHART • Detroit, PHILLIP (JOHN) SHOES • Elizabeth GARDENERS • Elkhart ROBERTS • Evanston, ROSENBERG'S • Evansville, BEN BUCKER • Fort Dodge LAWSON • Fremont, SHARP HAMILTON • Fort Lauderdale, SHOE FAIR • Fort Wayne, C & H SHOE • Galesburg, I. & CROSS • Grand Rapids, WILLIAM ELTON • Greenville STEWART HAMILTON • Hammond, E. C. WILKINS • Houston, POWERS • Indianapolis, ALVINS LTD. • Indianapolis, RACE BRAND • Huntington, AMBERLY JOHNSON • Indianapolis, BUD'S • Indianapolis, W. H. BLOOM • Jackson, KIMMINGS' • Jacksonville DONAGHUE • Joliet, LAGI • Kalamazoo, LAM'S BROTHERS • Kansas City, THE SHOE STORE • Kansas, CHAMBERS • Little Rock, GUL SHAGS • Los Angeles, CRAIG • Lansing, BACCHUS SHOES • Las Vegas, JOHNSON MEN'S SHOP • Long Beach, QUARTY BOSS • Longwood, MARTELL'S • Los Angeles, ASHBY SHOE • Los Angeles, ROSENBERG'S • Louisville, ROBERTS • Madison, DYER • Minneapolis, KOTNIK & SCHWARTZ • Montreal, BAL STORES • Memphis, GEEZ BROTHERS • Minneapolis, CLAY & SUNDALL • Miami, RICHARDS • Milwaukee, E. A. CHAPMAN CO. YORK HERRICKS • Minneapolis, ROSENBERG'S • Milwaukee, BRIDGES, MERIDIAN • Mobile, MEYER & JOHNSON • Montgomery, JOHNSON • Mount Vernon, TUCK & HARRIS • Munich, BAL STORES • New Bedford, BODAL SHOES • Omaha, HAFSHOF BROS. • Newburgh, DARTY • New York, TON AUSTRI • New York, JAPANESE • Oklahoma City, ROSENBERG'S & M. Oshkosh, CULLMAN • Pittsburgh, SCHWARTZ SHOES • Portland, OLINS • Portsmouth, BOB BROTHERS • Portland, HERRICKS • Richmond, MILLER B BROTHERS • Riverside, WICKED CLOTHING • Rochester, FARMER • Rock Hill, CARROLLTON • Rome, HERRICKS • Saginaw, HERRICKS • Salt Lake City, HERRICKS • St. Paul, ROSENBERG'S • San Antonio, ROSENBERG'S • Santa Fe, THE CLOTHIER • San Diego, MARSTON • Seattle, BACHUS ROSENBERG'S • Seaside, ALAN SHIRT • Sioux City, I. S. MARTIN • Shelbyville, KOTNIK & SCHWARTZ • South Bend, J. GILBERT & SONS • Spokane, JACK WINTON • St. Louis, FISHER'S FOOTWEAR • Tucson, STONEBROS. • Tulsa, CLARK'S • Twin Falls, HERRICKS • Women's Sales, MILLERS • Worcester, GERRITS • Wichita, ONE TIME • Washington, D. C. WOODWARD & LOEB • Wheeling, RAY'S • Youngstown, J. WOODRIF

ALLEN-EDMONDS, BELGIUM, WISCONSIN
The Shoe of Tomorrow

they roll . . . flex . . . bend



to follow your foot in action!

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
PRESIDENT

Henry R. Luce
Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor

Sidney J. James

Assistant Managing Editors

Richard W. Johnston
André Laguerre
John Tibby

Associate Editors Jerome Snyder (Art Director), Percy Knauth (Arts), Ezra Bowen, Robert Creamer, Andrew Cockton, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Paul O'Neil, Fred R. Smith, Whitney Tower, Herbert Warren Ward, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers Alex Higgins, Mervyn Hyman, Thomas H. Lawrence, Hamilton B. Maule, Don Parker, Richard C. Pielke, Colin Pinchey, Gilbert Rosta, Kenneth Rudin, Elaine St. Maur, Dorothy Stull, Jeannette Taz, Roy Terrell, Jo Allen ZW.

Photography PICTURE EDITOR: Gerald Astor. STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS: Richard Meek, John G. Zimmermann. ASSISTANTS: Betty Dick, Dorothy Mers, Ben Schultz.

Writer-Reporters Walter Bingham, Gwylbe S. Brown, William Leggett, Morton Lund, Les Woodcock.

Reporters Honor Fitzpatrick (Chief), Mary Snow, Harriet Alexander, Elizabeth Bergamin, Betty Bredin, Mary Jane Hedger, Virginia Kraft, Rose Mary Mechem.

Special Contributors Roger Bannister, John Fitch, Herman Harkman, Jimmy Jamail, Victor Kaban, Bill Masella, John O'Reilly, Charles Preston, H. Allen Smith, Horace Sutton, William F. Telford, Jerome Waldman, Ed Zeln.

Assistant to the Managing Editor

Henry J. Romney

Editorial Assistants Gloria Griener, Sherry Keen, Frances Milonovic, Morton Sharnik.

Administrative Assistant Maureen Harris

Production Arthur L. Brawley (Chief), Beatrice Gattlieb (Copy Desk), George J. Bloodgood, Betty De Meester, Ingeborg Farrell, Lina Marmore, Helen Taylor.

LAYOUT Alfred Zingales (Chief), William Bernstein, Harvey Gut, Brendan F. Mulvey, Martin Nathan, Catherine Smolch.

U.S. & Foreign Bureau NEWSPAPERS: Earl Burton, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Montreal, Toronto, Calgary, Ottawa, Sherbrooke, Chief of Correspondents: London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, Istanbul, Beirut, New Delhi, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Hanoi, City, Casablanca, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires (Maxwell Gottlieb, Chief of Correspondents).

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions (except Hawaii) and Alaska, 1 yr. \$5.00. Air-speeded editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr., \$10.00. Please address all correspondence, notices, change orders, and subscription orders to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, Ill. Changes of address require three weeks' notice. Please insert magazine and forward address reprint from a recent issue, or state directly how magazine is addressed. Changes cannot be made without old or new address, including postal zone number. Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST and HOUSE & HOME. Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen, Executive Vice President for Publishing, Howard Blarck, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Catherine L. Phillips, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Brambaugh, Vice President, Edgar R. Bailey, Bernard Baron, Clay Bluhm, Arnold W. Collins, Administrative, Andrew Housh, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Lacey, Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. E. Prellman, William C. Pridemore, J. Campbell and Amos J. Pridemore, J. Campbell.

At last... a snow tire that

PULLS YOU OUT, THEN KEEPS QUIET!



NEW U.S. ROYAL WINTERIDE

the quiet snow tire

Wherever you live, whatever road and weather conditions you face, here is the winter tire that performs best of all. The new U. S. Royal Winteride pulls you out and through deep snowdrifts, sticky mud-holes. It gives you swift, sure skid protection on rain-slick roads. On the open highway, it rolls without swerve or sway...without annoying, whining hum. It's so **quiet** you never know you have snow tires on!

Available in tubeless or tube-type with black or white sidewall. Only \$2.00 per week puts a pep on your car's rear wheels. Don't let winter catch you napping—see your U. S. Royal Dealer right away!



United States Rubber

Registered Office: New York 20, N. Y. U. S. Rubber Company, Ltd.
Sole Office: New York Sole Office: 1100 U. S. Rubber & Tire Building, New York, N. Y.

Photographed at the White Stag Sloop.



BASTARAC
White Stag
AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIAR FASHION BRAND

Suddenly suede's a good soldier

We yield to no man in affection for — and insight into crafting — suede leather.

That doesn't blind us to the fact that suede — until today — just wasn't built to take it in the field.

Until today, we said. Because now we are using suede that's actually dry

cleanable.

We wear this jacket day in and day out. When it's soiled, all we do is take it to the nearest dry cleaner's. Any one will do. It comes back to us as soft and supple as ever, the rich coloring undimmed.

Now that suede doesn't have to be

created as a fragile heirloom, we've really let our designers come up with ideas that give "The Vital Look" meaning. This military-minded jacket (\$39.95), and coordinate cap (\$4.95), can both be yours in a wide choice of colors.

White Stag Manufacturing Co., Portland, Oregon

At GIMBELS, N.Y.C. • THE EMPORIUM, San Francisco and suburban stores • MEIER & FRANK, Portland • Mr. KELVLY'S, 3rd Ave., from • RICH, N. Haver • H. P. WASSON CO., Indianapolis • GIMBELS, Pittsburgh • COTTRELL'S, Denver. And other fine stores throughout America.

Now—owners of all cameras
—from brownies to rollies—
can project color slides...



BIG AS LIFE AND TWICE AS
NATURAL for only . . . \$39.95



REALIST 620
2 1/4 x 2 1/4 PROJECTOR
(for 35mm. film)

[illegible]

Tense, Nervous Headaches Need This Relief

A second, third, fourth, and fifth series reassessed the famous experiments of Anakin to relate pain theory why Anakin gives better relief than aspirin than aspirin or any buffered aspirin.

- [illegible]



"Just watch me
bounce-now that
I get Vionate"

Does your dog lack pep? Does he hate to wag his tail? Give him Wondra containing 20 essential vitamins and minerals—add to food once daily for good bones, stamina, "bounce," healthy skin free from summer "itch."

VIONATE[®]

SOURCE QUALITY—THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT

MEMO
from the publisher

LATELY THE 19TH HOLE has been reporting early nominations for 1957's Sportsman of the Year. Among the first were two from last year's Sportsman of the Year, Bobby Morrow, who nominated Pole Vaulter Bob Gutowski and Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson (SI, Oct. 7). Then along came a cable from our charter Sportsman of the Year, Roger Bannister. He proposed Racing Driver Stirling Moss and gave his cogent reasons why (SI, Oct. 14). It was now

plainly time to hear from the leading citizen of Witherbee, N.Y., Johnny Podres, our Sportsman in 1955.

The first few telephone calls to that quiet mining town in the Adirondack foothills failed in their mission. The ace left-hander of the Dodgers, having thrown his last pitch this season, was out catching up on his golf. But on the theory that nothing would keep Podres from watching the World Series, we called him a few minutes before the start of the fifth game in Milwaukee. Podres himself answered the phone.

Naturally, as a National Leaguer, he was pulling for the Braves to beat

the Yankees. And the man who in 1955 showed how to turn this tough trick thought they could. Sure hoped so.

On a candidate for 1957's Sportsman of the Year, Podres said, "Well, with me he's got to be in baseball. And in baseball he's got to be Ted Williams. It's just wonderful how that guy can go on doing it." Podres then went on to mention that he had never pitched against Williams, but *that* thought didn't seem to be spoiling his vacation. Next week, he said, he'd catch some live minnows and start fishing for bass and pike. With the opening of the season, October 25, he'd be out deer hunting. Then back to Brooklyn, where during the winter he is an automobile salesman.)

The first three Sportsmen of the Year have now cast their votes for the fourth. So have many others among our readers, some of whose nominations appear in this week's 19TH HOLE. And I hope that we will be hearing from many more of you during the next few weeks.

This year the sportsman of the Year will be a major story in our YEAREND ISSUE, which will also include two other special features already scheduled, the Bowl Game Previews and the announcement of the second annual Silver Anniversary All-American. In keeping with the holiday season, it goes without saying that the YEAREND ISSUE will again be big and beautiful.

Harry Phillips

How the

TOTAL DESIGN

of THE *FORWARD LOOK* becomes your guide to a sound buy for



You'll be quick to see how *total design* means combined in your buying the present and the best of the *Forward Look* cars for '58.

This will prove once again that *total design* cars are conceived as a whole from conception to silhouette—an design is as clean, so uncluttered, so advanced. And this means honest, lasting value for you. For The *Forward Look* cars for '58 have

the *functional* beauty that endures. The flowing lines of The *Forward Look*—the complete integration of form and function—shows from its real design.

Only tested Two-ton Air Suspension gives you a ride so controlled, so soft, so pleasant, design of a car so spacious, yet so low, ... and at no extra cost! Push-button Turbine-Flux Ignition—no oil—oil-free maintenance!

Consequently, *Forward Look* for safety—joins the big new Advance Design engines to give you an unmatched combination of toughness, economy and performance.

So when all is said and done, compare! For here is a total design for clean looks, controlled ride and top value—you'll get only in Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial for 1958!

COMING YOUR WAY NOV. 1—SEE THEM AT YOUR NEARBY DEALER'S

FOR '58, MORE THAN EVER, THE *FORWARD LOOK* IS THE ADVANCE DESIGN



CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

YOU
CAN'T
MATCH
THIS
QUALITY
AT THESE
PRICES

KALIMAR "A"



At last—a 35mm camera that everyone can afford, with the features of expensive cameras. F-3.5 lens. Shutter speeds to 1/2000th sec. Double exposure preventive device. Fingerprint focusing.

Only **\$24.95**

Case \$5.95
packed with camera

KALIMAR "B-3"



A superb 35mm coupled-range-finder, F-2.8 lens. Shutter speeds to 1/300 sec. Single-stroke winding mechanism for rapid film advance and shutter cocking. New model with fingerprint helical focusing.

Only **\$44.50**

Case \$7.95
packed with camera

For literature, write Dept. RAB2

Kalimar Inc.

1969 S. Kings Highway St. Louis 10, Missouri

In USA: And Inc. Chicago 14, Delta 7, Minneapolis 18,
New York, Pittsburgh 31, Los Angeles

In Canada: Argusphoto 111 880 Champlain Montreal

In Europe: More Supply of London, Ltd., 121A Chancery, London

COMING EVENTS

OCT. 25—NOV. 3

■ TV ★ COLOR TV ● VETERAN RABO

All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25

Basketball
(Professional)
Sydney vs. Philadelphia Sydney

Fencing
● Paolo Bion vs. Johnny Burns lightweight 10 lbs.,
Mad. Sq. Garden New York 10 p.m. EDT (NBC)

Football
(English college games)
Maurice vs. Kansas (TV) Miami

Horse Racing
(Hurdles)
The Messenger Stakes \$100,000, Westbury N.Y.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26

Auto Racing
National SCCA Race Donville Ia (Kite Oct 27)

Basketball
(Professional)
Cincinnati vs. Syracuse Cincinnati
Detroit vs. Philadelphia Detroit
New York vs. Boston Mad. Sq. Garden, New York
St. Louis vs. Minneapolis St. Louis

Hockey
Montreal vs. Boston Montreal
Toronto vs. New York Toronto

Horse Racing
Golden State \$100,000 2-yr-olds 1 1/4 m. Golden
State Park N.J.
Frisco Handicap \$25,000 3-yr-olds & up 8:50 a.m.
Miami 1 1/4 m. Jamaica N.Y.
(Teletext)
American Trotting Classic (first leg) \$25,000 Inglewood,
Calif.

Football
(English college games)
Arkansas vs. Mississippi Memphis
Baylor vs. Texas A&M Waco, Texas
Harvard vs. Dartmouth Cambridge Mass.
Routen vs. Auburn (TV) Houston
East State vs. Bowling Green, Kent Ohio
Michigan State vs. Illinois East Lansing Mich.
● Marquette vs. Michigan Metropolitan (NBC Big Ten tele-
cast)

North Carolina State vs. Duke Raleigh N.C.
Northwestern vs. Iowa Extension Ia

● Nike Game vs. Pittsburgh Harris Dome Ind. 7:15 p.m.
E.T. (Mutual)

Coltsburg vs. Colorado Norman Okla.
Oregon vs. California Eugene Ore.
Pennsylvania vs. Navy Philadelphia
Pittsburgh vs. Cornell Princeton N.J.

● Syracuse vs. Penn State Syracuse N.Y. (NBC games
regionally)

Texas vs. Rice (TV) Austin Texas
Tulane vs. Georgia Tech (TV) New Orleans
Virginia vs. Army Charlottesville Va. 7:15 p.m. EDT
(NBC)

Washington vs. Oregon State Seattle
Washington vs. Ohio State Madison Wis.

Hunt Racing
Monmouth County Association Red Bank N.J.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27

Auto Racing
National SCCA President's Cup Race Earlville Va.
NASCAR National Championship Race Concord N.C.
NASCAR Grand National Division Race Greensboro N.C.

Football
(Professional)
● Baltimore vs. Green Bay Baltimore (CBS)*
● Chicago Cardinals vs. Cleveland (CBS, Sports Net-
work Int'l)*

Los Angeles vs. Detroit Los Angeles (CBS)*
New York vs. Washington N.Y. (CBS)*
● Pittsburgh vs. Philadelphia Pittsburgh (CBS)*
San Francisco vs. Chicago Bears San Francisco

Hockey
Detroit vs. Chicago Detroit
New York vs. Montreal Mad. Sq. Garden New York

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28

Horse Racing
Arlam Handicap \$10,000 3-yr-olds 6 furlongs Golden
Gate Fields Calif.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29

Racing
Vogel Hunt vs. Tony Danza welterweights 15 lbs.,
Boston

Hockey
Chicago vs. Detroit Chicago

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30

Basketball
Minneapolis vs. Detroit Minneapolis

Boxing
● Kenny Lane vs. Orlando Zabala lightweight, 10 lbs.,
Chicago 10 p.m. (ABC)

Golf
San Diego Open \$20,000 San Diego (through Nov. 3)

Hockey
New York vs. Detroit Mad. Sq. Garden New York
Toronto vs. Montreal Toronto

Horse Racing
The Futurity \$50,000 2-yr-old fillies 1 1/4 m., Ja-
maica N.Y.
Yankee Handicap \$50,000 3-yr-olds 1 1/4 m. Suffolk
Down Mass.
Purdue Handicap \$20,000 3-yr-olds & up 6 furlongs
Golden State N.J.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31

Boxing
Abebe Moore vs. Bobby Mitchell light heavyweight,
15 lbs. Vancouver Canada

Auto Racing
NASCAR Convertible Division Race Columbia S.C.
National SCCA Oval Appalachian Rally Hartsley Pa.

Hockey
Montreal vs. Toronto Montreal
Boston vs. New York Boston

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Basketball
(Professional)
Syracuse vs. Minneapolis Syracuse
Cincinnati vs. St. Louis Cincinnati

Boxing
● Sydney Webb vs. Willie Vaughn middleweight, 160 lbs.,
Mad. Sq. Garden New York 10 p.m. (NBC)

Rodeo
Grand National Championship Rodeo \$21,300 San Fran-
cisco (through Nov. 18)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2

Auto Racing
National SCCA Race Palm Springs Calif. (also Nov. 20)

Basketball
(Professional)
Boston vs. Syracuse Boston
Philadelphia vs. Minneapolis Philadelphia
St. Louis vs. Cincinnati St. Louis

Football
Arkansas vs. West Texas State (TV) Tipton Ark.
Arkansas vs. Texas A&M Fayetteville Ark.
● Army vs. College World Point N.Y. 7:45 p.m. (NBC)
Alabama vs. Florida Auburn Ark.
Brown vs. Princeton Providence
Columbia vs. Missouri Boulder Colo.
Columbia Tech vs. Duke Atlanta
Kansas State vs. Oklahoma Manhattan Kans.
Michigan vs. Iowa Ann Arbor Mich.
Minnesota vs. Indiana Bloomington
Mississippi vs. Houston (TV) Jackson Miss.
North Carolina vs. Tennessee Chapel Hill N.C.
North Carolina State vs. Wake Forest Raleigh N.C.
● Notre Dame vs. Navy Notre Dame Ind. 7:15 p.m.
(Mutual)

Ohio State vs. Northwestern Columbus Ohio
Oregon State vs. Washington State Corvallis Ore.
Penn State vs. West Virginia University Park Pa.
Pittsburgh vs. Syracuse Pittsburgh

Rice vs. Clemson (TV) Houston
SNU vs. Texas Dallas
Stanford vs. Oregon Stanford Calif.
UCLA vs. California Los Angeles

Washington vs. Southern California Seattle
Washington vs. Michigan State Madison Wis.
Wyoming vs. Air Force Lafayette La.

Hockey
Montreal vs. Detroit Montreal
● New York vs. Boston Mad. Sq. Garden New York 8 p.m.
(CBS)

Toronto vs. Chicago Toronto

Horse Racing
Garrett Fox Handicap \$15,000 3-yr-olds A w 1 1/4
m. Jamaica N.Y.
Bosque Handicap \$25,000 2-yr-olds 1 1/4 m.
Carmel State N.J.

Hunt Racing
Virginia Fall Race Meeting Middleburg Va.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3

Football
(Professional)
● Baltimore vs. Pittsburgh Baltimore (CBS)*
● Chicago Colts vs. Philadelphia Chicago (CBS)*
● Cleveland vs. Washington Cleveland (CBS Sports Net-
work Int'l)*

Green Bay vs. New York Green Bay Wis. (CBS)*
Los Angeles vs. Chicago Bears Los Angeles
● San Francisco vs. Detroit San Francisco (CBS)*

Hockey
Boston vs. Detroit Boston
Chicago vs. New York Chicago

*See local listing

SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Henry Milnes, hard-nosing Purdue half back, was one happy fellow after his necessary of fumble and subsequent 34-yard scoring dash on drive play gave Boilermakers clinching touchdown in 20-13 upset victory over Michigan State last Saturday.



Mrs. Ogden Phipps, society sportsman's wife whose interest in Thoroughbreds has been concentrated on jumpers, won her third successive Temple-Guildenry Stakes with Belmont, when heavily weighted Nip came through like true champion (see below).

RECORD BREAKERS

Gailin Westman, hunky studious at Rumsa's Groovy Pedagogical Institute who holds several titles of Master of Squat, proved she learned by her famous wall, seeing 4 1/24 pictures for the 1000 years of world population growth in all-moon, most between 1000 years from higher educational establishments of Museum this 16.

Gravid Walech of South Africa, after running some 2 400 miles in last six months in a westerly direction, was found off the west coast of South Africa. Found at the great African to graze through 40 miles in 4 04/94, 40 miles in 1 16 03, leaving off with pair of modified marks at W. Africa, England 111 19

Miss Peter Perrecheff, Bermuda under whose husband was member of British Commonwealth team which won International Tennis Tournament at Wimbledon, N.Y. in 1958, headed and tagged until she tested 26 pound 12 ounce blackfin from at Hamilton, tagged over record on 36 pound line June 31st. 48.

Ben Haisan, 39-year-old log-truck driver with age for attitude, took off 290 gallons in 29 hours 25 minutes, knocked down some 47,305 pins for 181.6 average. In fact, stage-rig off with age, scored for competitive pins a 175-hr long, line. Oct. 24

FOOTBALL

Parade and shopping. With a shopping list of 100 items in Japanese, English, and even for women's groceries, several of the forms are becoming full-size quatrains in a single set of minutes. Western Parade drew nearly 100,000 people, says 26-37, and Illinois estimated and sold 100,000 more. The parade was held in 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657,

another work, says SE-7,111,075, won't. While Patent, while Army learned back from North. Dams defeat to beat Fall 28-31, 1944 Navy, asked softly, said. Georgia 27-14.

New York Giants found the coach he'd been hunting for in Joe Judge, running and passing aggressively with head-changing line snuffed. Pittsburgh Steelers, who still had more room for play in Ken Stabler and Charles Johnson, who were up by last-year's Philadelphia 17-7. Baltimore Colts, too, despite four straight losses by quarterback John T. Oates, had their stable three with Earl Morrall. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, coached by 28-year-old Jim Fassel, had seven first-round picks. St. Louis Cardinals, coached by Sam Danen, who's 41, but who's got a great record, 11-3, in 1975. Chicago Cardinals had a good Washington Redskins, who were 11-5, and the Los Angeles Rams, who were 10-5.

HORSE RACING

John "Mike" (1980s), 1980s. Mike is perfect, undulating pleasure man. *Don't Forget to Remember* Jack & Willie H. (black) but don't they go swimming, etc. Breaking fast and tea, John reached out slowly, raised white ball and (in suit) \$10.47's (candle) to girls (see below), and down with them in year's development. (He happens and Hush's) Mike is now a very young Willie. Arrogance, greed.

[illegible]

Srijit, biggest winner of 171 pounds grossed fully and powerfully over 14 jumps under side rule by P. J. Semerich's, left stall number 4. Amount in coin length behind is \$76,525. Tanya Swathway, New place at Belmont Park, overtopped rugged 25th lb. grand in track record 1:42 1/2. Semerich's had only dog prize for fourth 2-year-old gelding. "The greatest jumper I have ever ridden."

BOXING

Wary 4 allhens, rough and ready with ruffled middle-wings who still like to be barn, was forced into playing barn and behinds with backpedalling (see by 4 allhens: see page 28), never quite caught up to this



get
Pennsylvania
today

Pennsylvania's full line of quality basketballs and backboards provides for every need—from Junior sizes for beginners to Championship and Professional models for Varsity men. For practice and play, Pennsylvania leads the way.

Look for this seal on every box
your assurance of top quality
and consistent performance.

Championship
Basketball PBC, Inc.

PAUL ARIZON, star of the Philadelphia Warriors, gives you "tips from the top" on how to play summer basketball.

Fill out the coupon and mail today, with two 3¢ stamps, for your copy of "Champion-ship Basketball"



THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
PENNSYLVANIA ATHLETIC PRODUCTS DIVISION
Box 931 • Akron, Ohio

Enclosed are two \$5 stamps for my copy of "Chang and Eng: The World's First Twins" by Mark Singer.

Name _____

Address: _____

City _____ State _____

focus on the deed . . .



LEADING THE CHARGE fast-stepping Idun, off and running for honors as the nation's top 2-year-old filly, churns up mud under Jockey Hartack on way to an easy victory as rich Gardinia Stakes at Garden State. Bought by Mrs. Charles Ulrich Bay for record \$61,000 at Keeneland, unbeaten Idun has already won \$162,450 in seven starts.

Remember...

ARROW

tailors
sport shirts
to your

EXACT

sleeve length

If you are one of the seven out of ten men who cannot find your exact sleeve length in sport shirts, remember this—

Arrow believes fashion begins with a perfect fit. That's why the sleeves on Arrow sport shirts are never too long . . . never too short . . . always just right.

With an Arrow, you're sure of feeling comfortable and looking great.

You get the benefit of meticulous all-round Arrow tailoring. Neater Arafold collar. Exact sleeve length. A handsome sport shirt that's made-to-measure for both your size and taste.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW
SPORT SHIRTS
first in fashion

SCOREBOARD

continued



Pat Smythe, England's top equestrian, gave U.S. fans a sample of her skill, faultlessly guiding *Photogen* to win an first jumping event at Pennsylvania National Horse Show opened at Harrisburg, breaking three-year monopoly of General Muniz Mexican team.

staterhandgate's a lot but y'd up more than enough points to take dull 10th under at IBC brought losing back to New York's Madison Square Garden after seven-month hiatus.

Spider Webb, No. 6 middleweight boxing for ending Ralph "Tiger" Jones, seemed in no wayward *Jacobs* Lullaby with two quick right-handed shots, won by Kitten Shavens of first round at Louis the Exploded Lullaby. "I didn't see the punch coming."

Herman Maggo, father, middle-aged Philadelphia promoter and frequent partner of Bill's Joe Nardella for men than two years while Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, in prolonged hearings, pondered "pending" charges made against him by former Manager Donald Hoffman and boxer George Johnson, who given his license and given light to return to business at same old stand. *see page 23*

Bill Flaherty, was another who made his living point, running California politicians that he was prepared to lose, loose and they knew of state. He admitted that he had decided in brass as promoter and manager in past but now he's would operate only as manager. Commission thereupon granted him license, giving way for heavyweight fight between Flaherty's No. 1-ranked tiger, Eddie Machen, and Hurricane Jackson in San Francisco, Nov. 13.

HOCKEY

Maurice (The Rocket) Richard was hockey's man of the week and his Montreal Canadiens team, of the work Flory Maurice (not blase), aging at 36 as hockey players go, was never better as he returned home two shots in 5-3 victory over Toronto, netted one more in 5-1 win over Chicago to become first NHL player to score 500 goals. Canadiens, with substitutes in first six games, topped standings with 16 points while second-place Boston, after four straight, became Toronto's first victim in 1-0 rout. New York split with Bruins (2-4), Chicago (6-1) to hold third ahead of Detroit, which usually snapped three-game home losing streak, beating Maple Leafs 3-1.

BASEBALL

Bank Greenberg, general manager of Cleveland Indians who had attempted to cure bad case of slumping attendance, aging stars and general tendency to shake loose New York Yankees by firing managers Lou Boudreau, Al Lopez, Kirby Puckett, got taste of own medicine, was given gate by board of directors. Board chairman William H. Dekey, obviously shook by ninth place finish this year and first signs of red ink, blamed



MEET THE CHAMP, says Normand Richard, 6, as he raises arm of "Men Fire" Maurice in Montreal dressing room after The Rocket became first to score 500 goals.



Mrs. John B. Kelly Jr., attractive wife of three-time Olympic sculler, sister-in-law of Princeton's Grace of Monaco and onetime AAU basketball champion who represented U.S. in 1932 Olympics, has been named women's swim coach at U. of Pennsylvania.

It all on "press criticism" ... and the fans' reaction to Greenberg personally. "Not so," said Greenberg, pointing to eight-year record of one American League pennant (in 1954 when New York Giants won World Series in four straight), five seconds, one fourth and one sixth: "I am kindly disappointed."

Horace Horneham moved into San Francisco with his Gators, promptly began shooting and dealing his first move: to swap Minneapolis franchise to American Association to Boston Red Sox for Pacific Coast League's San Francisco Seals. His second move: to sign Manager Bill Rigney to two-year contract.

DOG SHOW

Ch. Westley Fines of Barbours, Harold M. Fines, owner's well-mannered, 22-inch-high, black-tan-and-grizzle Airedale terrier, strided and primped successfully once again to win her seventh best-in-show of year at Albany (N.Y.) Kennel Club event.

LACROSSE

U.S. touring women's team, which has been displaying its superior stickmanship in British Isles, wrapped through five matches without giving up goal. Embellished with flourish to defeat Dartford Physical Training College 6-0 in final of 25-meas tournament at High Wycombe, England.

SOCCER

Poland, whipped into winning frenzy by furiously partisan crowd of 120,000 and average scorework of Double Left Gerard Chelick, put temporary road block in path of Russia to World Cup finale, beating them 5-1 at Katowice.

MILEPOSTS

DIED—Joseph M. (Red) Roster, 65, skilled Thoroughbred conditioner, nation's top trainer in 1935 when his horse won 87 races (including record 87 stakes, \$260,000, after long illness, at Baltimore. His most noted charge: Alfred Vando's Discovery, one of best weight-carriers in U.S. racing history, own—Henry Thomas, 76, farm-grown (in Nebraska) harness racing driver for half century until he retired to officiating last year, three-time winner of Hawthornean (with Shirley Hanover in 1937, McLean Hanover in 1938, Yankee Maid in 1944), leading driver at Rosemead Raceway in 1948, 1950, of heart attack, at Garden City, N.Y.

Continued



THE CHAMPS MEET at Milwaukee brewery, where Braves Trowbridge, Taylor and Aaron (left to right) report for off-season jobs as sports promotion men.



first-ship pleasure...with Comfort®

One sip of Southern Comfort and you like it! The only liquor kissed with sunny southernectar to heighten your enjoyment. Try Comfort® on-the-rocks... straight over ice with a twist of lemon peel... and appreciate its good taste!

*Southern Comfort, naturally!

Southern Comfort

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION • ST. LOUIS 2, MISSOURI • 100 PROOF LIQUEUR



Man's idea: rugged after shave lotion, with just enough sting to make you shiver... a little. 150 proof, made to use every day... or as often as you shave. \$1. plus tax.

© 1956 KODAK COMPANY

always available

"hand-shaped" suits

in your size



We always find a reserve

of hand-shaped suits

in New York—complete

selection—in a collection

of a half dozen inventors

from London and Paris

—and a tailor-made

sizes ready to be shipped

at a moment's notice to any

of our franchised dealers

around the country who happen to be in need of

last of stock. Consequently you can find a hand-shaped suit in

the most comfortable and lasting shape—tailored to your body

and light delivery. That's what our hand-shaped suits are made

of. So whether you choose a fabric or a color, you'll find it in a

hand-shaped suit.

"hand-shaped" labels

available only under our

GROSHIRE and AUSTIN LEEDS

throughout America from about \$85. to \$120.

GROSSMAN CLOTHING COMPANY

79 5TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

SCOREBOARD

continued



Frank J. Shaughenry, president of International League, moved in on New York area, claiming Jersey City territory for his Triple-A circuit. Always optimistic, Shag characterized maneuver thus: "The first big step in becoming a third major league."

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

DRIN CAIR Indianapolis: IMCA 25-lap Dash Sweepstakes in 18:11.808 in Offenhauser Chevrolet
LA KUNEN 25-lap Dash Indianapolis who climbed back through IMCA last week
ROGER WARD Los Angeles: USAC 100-m lap race with 55.96 mph average in Wickett Ford Fiero
RON SORREL Sacramento: Calif.
RALPH HODGEN Charlotte: N.C. Dale 200 mile model stock car race, in 1:45.22 in 1987 Ford, Birmingham

BASKETBALL

N.Y. KNICKS DECKERS over College All Stars 105-54 New York

BOXING

CLEVELAND WILLIAMS, 7 round KO over Johnny Houston in Longwood, Houston
JIMMY BULLOCK, 10-round decision over Bobby Lane in middleweight, Miami Beach
GENE (ACE) ARMSTRONG, 7 round TKO over Eddie (Warren Gary) Thompson in middleweight, New York
LAURO SALAS, 10 round decision over Luis Perez Lightning in Hollywood, Calif.

BRIDGE

CHARLES SCHEN and **HELEN SOBELL**, U.S. and CAPTAIN **EWART REMFORD** and **WALTON GECOFFREY PELL**, England over Irish Intl Team by 3,940 pts., Dublin

GAELIC FOOTBALL

CAWLEY Ireland over New York Select 22-17, New York

GOLF

U.S. SENIORS over Canada 26½ 39½ rel competition Garden City N.Y.
BOUNCE 1000 markers, Mer PGA side with 210 for 54 Royal Rossmore Lake N.Y.

HARNESS RACING

ANNA BARRIS \$25,000 U.S. Harness Writers Trophy Tim 2:01 by 1 1/4 miles in 2:08 2/5 Roosevelt Racetrack, N.Y. Johnny Simpson driver

HORSE RACING

FULCRUM \$63,975 Breeders' Futurity 7:8 by N. English in 3:29.2 5 Keeneland John Delmonico up
KAZE (TRIAL) \$58,900 Ladies N. 1 1/4 in .09 1/2 length, in 2:31 3/5 Belmont Paul Bonaparte up

HURLING

SUFFERY Ireland over New York Select 21-16, New York

TRACK

TED CORBITT New York Pacer Club Nutt AAU 20 mile trial in 1:43.45 Concord



JUST FOR KICKS, Wrestler Antonie River gives Dick Affili a handful of foot and 17,335 fans at New York's Madison Square Garden a chance to cheer and jeer.

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

In football's wildest week of upsets, only Oklahoma's 44th straight win and news of a player named John Barefoot losing his shoe in New Mexico seemed true to form

THE EAST

Army went sparingly on such new-fangled football devices as the second unit and the forward pass, elected to rumble over the jumbos of Pittsburgh's inner line, wound up thumping its most likely rival for the Lambert Trophy 29-13. Army's slippery sophomore halfback, Bob Anderson, had another fine afternoon, racing for 96 yards and two touchdowns, intercepting two late Pitt passes.

The Colgate football maxim for Ivy Leaguers (if you can't join 'em, beat 'em) held up as the Red Raiders stunned previously unbeaten Princeton 12-10. Colgate walked off the field having won nine of its last 11 games with the Ivies.

THE SOUTH

The Auburn Tigers, who had previously won two Southeast Conference games with a single touchdown in each, won their third with none at all, edging Georgia Tech on a field goal 3-0. The savage Auburn line played with last-second urgency the entire game, twice stopped the Techmen within 10 yards of a touchdown. Offensively, Auburn made do with Fullback Billy Atkins' wide-angle placement from the 21 just as the second period began. Although bowl-battered Auburn closes in on the conference championship, it must settle for a seat by its television set on New Year's Day.

It is likely they'll be viewing Mississippi, which swept through Tulane like flu through a schoolhouse. Unbeaten Miss gained 416 yards on the ground to swamp the Green Wave 50-9.

Off-again-on-again Maryland was on again—in the presence of the Queen of England—whipping the far out of North Carolina 21-7 (see page 37). On one of the few exciting plays of the game, Maryland Halfback Ted Kershner sprinted 81 yards to break a 7-7 tie and kill the Tar Heels' faintest hope of an Atlantic Coast Conference title.

THE MIDWEST

The Boilermakers of Purdue, beaten in three starts this season and spoiling for an upset, took on the nation's best, kayaked Michigan State, 20-13. The Spartans, in face of Purdue's vicious line, lost their first five fumbles of the year, succeeded in shaking loose only Halfback Walt Kowalsky who galloped for a total of 72 yards and one touchdown.

Coach Ray Eliot, touched with mercy in the last period, flung in his third and fourth units, kept the Illinois-Minnesota upset scoring within the bounds of decency. Illini Quarterback Tom Haller

poured it on the goggle-eyed Gophers, sent Fullback Bob Mitchell off the tackles, Fullback Jack Delvaux up the middle, methodically guided his team to a 34-13 victory.

THE SOUTHWEST

The unbeaten Packers of Arkansas, out to show their stuff to the bone folks in Fayetteville, took it in the chops from Texas 17-0. From that moment in the first period when Texas' Fred Bednarski swatted a side-footed field goal from the 23, Arkky was fighting uphill. It clutched, fumbled and never got rolling, looked hardly the club that beat TCU and Baylor. On the other hand, Texas showed its regular weekly improvement, gained considerable prestige in the Southwest Conference.

Outplayed by a two-touchdown underdog, Texas S&M nevertheless kept the form sheets in order by socking jittery Texas Christian 7-0. TCU had a whale of a day on the charts, leading the Aggies in total offense, first downs, number of plays from scrimmage and fumbles. The fumbles did it.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

The pass-happy Skyline Conference, supposedly dominated by Utah and Wyoming (see page 37), fell into a seven-team snarl as the favorites suffered the upset treatment. Lee Grosscup's superb passing (12 of 16 for 136 yards) was utterly wasted as Utah dropped one to thrice-beaten Denver 12-7. Off in Laramie, Wyoming Quarterback Larry Zowada had his troubles with a wet ball, tossed for 19 yards in a scoreless tie with Brigham Young.

THE FAR WEST

Some 19,600 homecoming fans who had jammed Washington State's tiny Rogers Field to cheer on the Cougars to the Rose Bowl, sank back in grief as a last-minute extra point attempt struck the upright and fell back into the end zone. The Cougars lost to Oregon 14-13. Oregon, unbeaten in three conference games, now takes over first spot in the Coast's crazy bowl derby.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

3—Bee Wilson; 4—Richard Mack; 5—A.P.; 6—John G. Zimmerman; 10—J.N.P.; 11—P.A.; 12—J.P.; 13—J.P.; 14—J.P.; 15—J.P.; 16—J.P.; 17—J.P.; 18—J.P.; 19—J.P.; 20—J.P.; 21—J.P.; 22—J.P.; 23—J.P.; 24—J.P.; 25—J.P.; 26—J.P.; 27—J.P.; 28—J.P.; 29—J.P.; 30—J.P.; 31—J.P.; 32—J.P.; 33—J.P.; 34—J.P.; 35—J.P.; 36—J.P.; 37—J.P.; 38—J.P.; 39—J.P.; 40—J.P.; 41—J.P.; 42—J.P.; 43—J.P.; 44—J.P.; 45—J.P.; 46—J.P.; 47—J.P.; 48—J.P.; 49—J.P.; 50—J.P.; 51—J.P.; 52—J.P.; 53—J.P.; 54—J.P.; 55—J.P.; 56—J.P.; 57—J.P.; 58—J.P.; 59—J.P.; 60—J.P.; 61—J.P.; 62—J.P.; 63—J.P.; 64—J.P.; 65—J.P.; 66—J.P.; 67—J.P.; 68—J.P.; 69—J.P.; 70—J.P.; 71—J.P.; 72—J.P.; 73—J.P.; 74—J.P.; 75—J.P.; 76—J.P.; 77—J.P.; 78—J.P.; 79—J.P.; 80—J.P.; 81—J.P.; 82—J.P.; 83—J.P.; 84—J.P.; 85—J.P.; 86—J.P.; 87—J.P.; 88—J.P.; 89—J.P.; 90—J.P.; 91—J.P.; 92—J.P.; 93—J.P.; 94—J.P.; 95—J.P.; 96—J.P.; 97—J.P.; 98—J.P.; 99—J.P.; 100—J.P.

THE LUXURY LIQUEUR...

ITALY'S FINEST



Galliano is the luxury after-dinner liqueur —try a Galliano Mist —Galliano with juice of 1/4 lime over shaved ice. Marvellous!

NO PROOF, IMPORTED BY McLEISSON & ROBINET, INC., N. Y.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES for games of Saturday, October 26

- **Texas A&M—Baylor.** Loomed early as the game in the SWC this season but Baylor has been disappointing. Big Bears have it in them but must stick with Aggies until proven wrong. **TEXAS A&M.**
- **Michigan State—Illinois.** Illini could do no wrong against Minnesota, while Spartans were soundly spanked by Purdue. However, homecoming is over. **MICHIGAN STATE.**
- **North Carolina State—Duke.** Surprising Wolfpack has suffered only a tie with Miami while Blue Devils are unblemished. State is bowl-banned and Duke is bowl-bound. **DUKE.**
- **Syracuse—Penn State.** Nittany Lions have now lost twice while the Big Orange—even without Jim Brown—has only an opening-game tie against its record. Still stubborn. **PENN STATE.**
- **Notre Dame—Pittsburgh.** Panthers, despite losses to Oklahoma and Army, still one of best teams in the East. Irish have improved each outing and with extra week off should be ready. **NOTRE DAME.**
- **Texas—Rice.** Possibly the two most improved teams in SWC. Both are eyeing title after opening conference wins. Also, both Owls and Longhorns are in contention for title should Aggies falter. Going with the home team. **TEXAS.**
- **Virginia—Army.** Cavaliers have come along better than expected. Could be off week for Cadets who have been high for Notre Dame and Pitt. But on or off, Army has one of the most devastating ground games in the country. **ARMY.**
- **Wisconsin—Ohio State.** Badgers are on pins this year, but feeling is that Buckeyes have too much manpower for them, even at Madison. In a tough one. **OHIO STATE.**
- **Michigan—Minnesota.** Wolverines were scared by Northwestern surge while Golden Gophers couldn't get going against Illini. Can Gophers come back? It says here, yes. **MINNESOTA.**
- **Oregon—California.** Golden Bears are better than their record shows but Ducks with three conference wins are winging toward Rose Bowl. **OREGON.**

ALSO:

Mississippi State over Alabama
Louisiana State over Florida
Dartmouth over Harvard
Iowa State over Kansas State
Kentucky over Georgia
Tennessee over Maryland
Missouri over Nebraska
Iowa over Northwestern
Oklahoma over Colorado
Rice over Pennsylvania
Princeton over Cornell
Washington State over USC
UCLA over Stanford
Georgia Tech over Tulane
Yale over Colgate

Last week's hunches:
15 right, 9 wrong, 1 tie
Record to date: 76-43-6

PRO PARADE

John Unitas, shunned by the Pittsburgh Steelers, is the winner in the surprising strength of Baltimore. The rifle-armed kid from the steel country is the most effective passer in the NFL through the first four games

Much of the surprising early foot shown by the Baltimore Colts may be attributed to a cool, lanky youngster from the Pittsburgh steel country. There are, of course, contributing factors: a massive and mobile defensive line which puts terrifying pressure on opposing quarterbacks; a pair of rookie pass defenders who have performed much better than any rookie should, and a rookie linebacker who aids and abets them as if he had been around the league for years. But, finally, the Colts win on the same prime mover which operates all professional football teams—a great passer and ball handler at T quarterback.

For Baltimore, it is John Unitas, a tall, leather-tough youngster of 24 who was discarded by the Pittsburgh Steelers in 1955 without a real opportunity to prove himself. The other day, sitting relaxed in the small apartment he rents in Baltimore, pleasantly bedeviled by Jan (21) and John Jr. (16 months), Unitas was still puzzled by the short shrift he got from the Steelers. "I passed for three or four touchdowns in scrimmage and I got away on a couple of 30-yard runs, but they never let me play in exhibitions," he said. He is standard size for a pro quarterback—6 feet 1 and 195 pounds—and he wears his hair in a bristly blond crew cut. He smiles easily and often, and he took the chivying of his children with an easy, affectionate good nature. "I played semipro ball the rest of 1955," he remembered, rescuing a sugar bowl from John Jr. "Then the Browns were interested in me, but Don Kellert, general manager of the Colts, called and offered me a contract and I took it." Jan slipped on a throw rug and fell with a thump. Unitas picked her up and held her against his shoulder.

"The Colt offense wasn't hard for me to pick up," he said. "My college coach at Louisville teaches the same system as Webb Eubanks. I just had to get used to

making quicker handoffs because the pro backs are faster. Then coach has worked with me to teach me to throw a softer pass—hang the ball up there for the receiver, you know. This year, too, I have more confidence in myself and the team and I think they respect me, too. That helps."

Unitas has, in four games, thrown for



UNITAS rocks his arm for one of the passes which have riddled pro defenses.

12 touchdowns and completed well over 50% of his passes, a phenomenal performance. He seems likely to continue as one of the best quarterbacks in the league, too.

On this particular afternoon, he put Jan down gently and pulled on an old University of Louisville sweater. "Gawd I'll go look at some movies," he said. "You can learn a lot from game movies."

—TEX MAULE

X-RAY FOR LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Pass Comp.		Pts.	Yds. Rush.	Yds. Pass.	Pass Comp.
Giants	35	129	212	14-21	Steelers	0	54	118	14-28
Eagles	17	86	84	6-10	Browns	7	103	182	13-25
Lions	31	178	191	12-34	Colts	27	117	205	16-21
49ers	24	78	168	13-26	Packers	14	194	104	10-20
Cardinals	44	256	182	8-16	Redskins	14	160	168	11-22
Bears	34	218	223	11-19	Rams	25	79	142	12-18

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION					WESTERN DIVISION				
	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.		Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Cleveland	3	1	0	.750	Baltimore	3	1	0	.750
New York	3	1	0	.750	Detroit	3	1	0	.750
Pittsburgh	2	2	0	.500	San Francisco	3	1	0	.750
Chicago Cards	2	2	0	.500	Los Angeles	1	3	0	.250
Washington	1	3	0	.250	Green Bay	1	3	0	.250
Philadelphia	1	3	0	.250	Chicago Bears	1	3	0	.250

FANCY THAT! Budweiser lists its ingredients right on the label. Do you know of any other beer that does?

A vintage Budweiser advertisement. The central figure is a woman with blonde hair, looking upwards and to the left with a smile. She is holding a tall, slender glass filled with beer and a thick head of foam. A hand from the left is pouring beer from a Budweiser bottle into the glass. The bottle's label is visible, showing the 'Budweiser' name and 'Lager Beer'. The woman is also holding a large, open fan with a lace-trimmed edge and a patterned surface. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue. At the bottom, the word 'Budweiser' is written in a large, white, serif font. Below it, the slogan 'Where there's life...there's Bud!' is written in a smaller, cursive font. At the very bottom, a list of cities is printed in a small, sans-serif font: 'NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES'.

Budweiser

Where there's life...there's Bud!

NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES



exciting

...LIKE THE MEN WHO WEAR THEM!

EASY CARE SPORTSHIRTS BY TRUVAL! High speed in their excitement... handomely tailored... as confidently in good taste as these Gentlemen of the Road! Wash-and-drip-dry cottons... little or no ironing... easy-handling as a sports car. Left: strong ombre with contrasting overplaid. Next: colorful stripe on gray background. Then: fine solid Chambray in Ivy styling. Right: Scotch plaid with woven satin windowpane. Choose your colors! Each 3.95. At fine stores or write Truval Shirt Company, Empire State Bldg., New York, N. Y.

shirts - sportshirts - pajamas
Truval

FROM THE FLYWAYS

S—snow **R**—rain **F**—freezing **T**—too positive
SP—spray flight **FF**—fast flight **GF**—good flight
EF—easiest flight **GDW**—good duck weather **SC**—
 season close (or closed) **BW**—blasted weather **FG**—
 good gunning **FG**—fair gunning **GG**—good gunning
EG—easiest gunning **OP**—outlook good **OP**—outlook
 bad **OG**—outlook good **OVG**—outlook very good
NO—season opens (or opened)

MASSACHUSETTS: SO Oct. 26 and OG with a little weather. Plum Island Refuge last week reported 11,500 ducks in residence, 10,500 of them **Blacks**. Over 1,000 **Henkies** also arrived, and flights are increasing. Cape Cod Bay black with **Coots** and **Buntards** Bay southeast to Woods Hole and the islands are sprinkled with **Noddies**.

WISCONSIN: OVG EG for **Henkies** around Horicon Marsh National Wildlife Refuge as SO Oct. 15, 15 days later than last year when 89 gunners in state-managed blinds managed to kill only one goose. Last week on a foggy, rainy day when light green flying low, 484 wildfowlers in 111 managed blinds downed 497 **Henkies**. All sportsmen enthusiastically about delayed goose opening, which allowed the 31,600-lb. flock at Horicon time to set up housekeeping in refuge and establish flight patterns to their feeding areas in nearby corn fields. Only FG for ducks, as northern flights have not yet started but GDW forecast and OG. Last week, however, many gunners and one in particular found to be uninvolved in duckology. State biologists discovered happy hunter near Horicon Marsh with

one mallard, one mallard (protected) and one wood duck (protected). Hen wood duck shown to 75 other gunners, only five of whom could identify it despite intensive state hunter-education program.

NEBRASKA: OG as early flights of **Snow** and **Whiteflocks** **Geese** arrived last week in Sand Hills area. EG and OVG for ducks in Rann Water Basin and along North Platte River, GG for **Teal** and **Pintails** along Blue River, where there are also a few **snipe**. GG for **ptarmigan** in Gavins Point area in northeast state and **Noddies** beginning to dot reservoir.

Note: First **Whooping Cranes** to be sighted in Nebraska this year seen last week on North Platte River between Lees and Oshkosh. Two young were identified in the group. Fine for shooting a whooper in Nebraska now \$450, making it more expensive than driving under the influence.

WASHINGTON: SO Oct. 13 and best in memory with OVG. **Mallards** especially thick and GG now in spite of MW. Skagit Flats in western state, reservoirs and wasteways in Columbia River Basin and pot-hole shooting in north-eastern state advertised. **GL**, **Geese**, **OG**, but **Stratford Lake** in Columbia River Basin and on banks of Columbia in Benton County offer **GG** for **Lesser Canaries**. Most hunters happy except for 150 who recently staged a snipe on some ducks 20 minutes before legal shooting time. Unhappily when they found another man sniping, they yelled, "There isn't a warren in miles," and fired four times. Other man was warden. They had two coot and a stiff line.

Aristocrat of watch bands...



KOMFIT
by Forstner

Designed for those who enjoy the finest, Komfit is ultra-thin, light and flexible. Fits any wrist. \$7.95 to \$18.95, incl. Fed. tax. In all 14 Kt. gold, \$145. At better jewelers.

Forstner, Inc., Weymouth, N.J.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

NO—season opens **SC**—season close **C**—close water
 D—water dirty, only **N**—water normal height **SO**—
 slightly high **H**—high **VH**—very high **M**—water mid-
 e—low **R**—rising **WT**—water 50° **FG**—fishing
 good **FFG**—fishing very good **FF**—fishing fast **FF**—
 fishing poor **OG**—outlook good **OVG**—outlook very
 good **OP**—outlook fast **OP**—outlook poor

TROUT: **ARIZONA:** FVG for rainbows to 3 pounds on White and North Fork rivers below Bull Shoals and Norfolk dams, where cold water speckling from bottom of dams has created ideal trout habitat. Water is fast, however, and bait, usually worms or plastic worms, must be fished deep. A long weighted leader is suggested, but some determined anglers scoring with artificials. **OVG**.

BLACK BASS: **MISSISSIPPI:** FVG in on low lakes along Mississippi River, especially Eagle Lake. Last week Tom Cameron of Jamboree visited his camp on Eagle Lake and returned with limit of bass and squirrels. He used a white **Blushacker** for bass. Current productive method, however, is to troll as fast as possible with spoon plugs from a snow-dusted shell driven by 7½-hp outboard. Agent explains you can't miss if you keep experimenting until you have the lure of the right size, color and action and troll it at the right speed and depth.

PACIFIC SALMON: **OREGON:** OVG with main streams **N** and fresh salmon runs congregating in lower bays. FVG now in Siletz, Alsea and Netuxia rivers for both coho and chinook. Small herring with Herring-Mage plug the lure in vogue, although fluorescent red Hot-Shots and Flakfish are close seconds.

IDaho: OVG FVG as all-time record run of chinooks established at McNary, Bonneville and Lewiston dams along Columbia River. In Idaho run more than double 1946, with more than 15,000 chinooks already transported around Bonneville Dam under construction in Hell's Canyon. Anglers still disturbed about "damned dam" but news encouraging.

BLUE MARLIN: **MAINE:** Marlin count from Kona last week was 6 totaling 1122 pounds. Largest was a 280-pound warrier taken by Clyde E. Speer of Pittsburgh in 50 minutes. **FG**.

STEELHEAD: **BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Finest season in some years now shaping up on Thompson River. Water **N** and **C** and early-run fish are both big over 12 pounds and strong. Last week Jack Horner of San Francisco reported excellent results on flies, but majority of anglers leaning to spinning tackle and lure; **FVG** **OVG** on Thompson.

CALIFORNIA: All steelhead streams **H** and **M** except Klamath, Trinity and Sacramento rivers, which are **H** but fairly **C** and **FG** on Sacramento. **Spy** advises that Los Molinos area on Sacramento offers best chance for immediate action and **OG**.

WISCONSIN: **FP** on Brule River, although past week produced some of biggest migrants to date. Jack Blomfield of Superior, Wis., reeled a 3-pounder, and Morris Johnson of St. Paul deflated two, one 6 and one 8 pounds. **OP**, with **WT** 48 and Brule **N** and **C**.

STRIPED BASS: **NEW JERSEY:** **OG** **FG** as fall run of big stripers is gaining momentum in Sandy Hook area. Last week produced a 28- and 36-pounder for ambitious Trolley Andy Albano of Roosevelt Park, and surf casting **OVG** through November.

CARRINGTON'S Canadian Whisky

offers you this handsome

PERSONALIZED POURER



WITH YOUR OWN MONOGRAM FOR ONLY 10¢ Always Six Years Old 90.6 Proof

Eggers, Allen & Co., Ltd., Sole Importers 3 West Preston St., Baltimore 1, Maryland

Here's my 10¢ (one or stamps for one CARRINGTON'S Personalized Pourer ordered with my order. (Offer made only where legal) Your label ☐ Middle label ☐ Last label ☐

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**

OCTOBER 28, 1987



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN



THE HOCKEY REBELLION

The players have sued their National Hockey League bosses for \$3 million. Here Dan Parker, the hard-hitting sports editor of the 'New York Mirror,' explains the controversy that led to the suit and cites other reasons why the owners are skating on thin ice

by DAN PARKER

ON October 8 the National Hockey League began its 41st annual pursuit of the puck and the buck, amid rumblings of discontent from the players which warned of thin ice ahead for the autocrats to whom they are indentured. The rumblings were generated by the players' discovery that the club owners had negotiated an expanded program of televised games for the new season. Although hockey players have long been known as the roughest of athletes on the ice and the most docile in the hands of their masters, the TV decision prompted them to organize. A Players Association was formed, primarily to demand that a share of the TV proceeds be diverted to their pension plan.

Last season the four U.S. clubs, the New York Rangers, the Boston Bruins, the Chicago Black Hawks and the De-

troit Red Wings—which with Montreal and Toronto now comprise the NHL—participated in a 10-game television package deal with CBS-TV, featuring Saturday afternoon games. The results were so satisfactory that this season the program was stepped up to 21 games, beginning Saturday, November 2 and continuing every Saturday afternoon through the season. The club owners proposed to retain all TV receipts for their home games—with the players getting nothing.

The ensuing player protest produced only evasive action. The NHL Board of Governors tabled a request by the Players Association that a date be set to discuss the pension plan and the disposition of monies received from television. The Montreal and Toronto clubs pointed out that they operate under Canadian law and therefore

cannot concede to the NHL the right to deal on their behalf with the Players Association. This allowed the Board of Governors to declare that it would be impossible to negotiate.

In commenting on this maneuver, Ted Lindsay of the Black Hawks, president of the association, said: "The players were aware that the owners might pursue such delaying tactics," and Vice-President Doug Harvey of Les Canadiens added: "We were prepared for this—and we have other steps."

The owners apparently were not alarmed by this implied threat, nor did they seem impressed by the fact that their suddenly rambunctious hirelings had retained J. Neeman Lewis, counsel for the major league baseball players in their outstandingly successful fight to have World Series and All-Star

continued

HOCKEY

continued

game TV revenue earmarked for pension funds.

But on October 10 Lewis put a crick in the fast-thinning ice. On behalf of the Players Association he filed a \$3 million civil suit in Federal Court in New York against the owners and the officers of the NHL. The suit, filed under the antitrust laws, charged both owners and officers with dictatorship and monopolistic methods.

There is a good deal of evidence to support both charges. The international character of the NHL, and the fact that practically all hockey players are Canadian citizens, probably saved the league from being dealt with by Congress on monopoly grounds during its investigations of baseball, pro football and other sports this year. Certainly it is wide open to the charge of being a monopoly in its United States phase, since the New York, Chicago and Detroit clubs are owned by the Norris family, long dominant in the sport.

Professional ice hockey's survival under the policies of greedy promoters who care little about the players and even less about the fans demonstrates that great paradox that even when this splendid and exciting game is awfully bad, it's still pretty good. The young men who do battle on the ice love their bruising trade so passionately that many of them played for nothing, or next to nothing, before the major league ballplayers showed them the error of their ways. Noting these emotional reactions, the unemotional promoters of the sport have overlooked few opportunities for taking advantage of both players and spectators.

The National Hockey League invaded the United States during the middle 1920s after struggling along as a small regional circuit in Canada for seven seasons. The U.S. response to the fast-paced, virile sport was so immediate and ardent that professional hockey was proclaimed to have come of age. It might have, too, had not those entrusted with its destiny been so eager to sacrifice almost anything for the box office. Emboldened by the enthusiasm of their patrons, and influenced always by selfish interest, the club owners have managed to shrink the 10-club circuit of 1926 to a six-team league. The game itself has been altered almost beyond recognition.

The National League's system of deciding the championship is typical of how the magnates squeeze the last loose nickel out of their clientele. First there

is a 70-game season, an exhausting schedule that cannot fail to hurt the quality of the game. The 1957-58 season extends from October 8 to March 23, and the only object, aside from the financial one, is to eliminate two of the six teams from the playoffs for the Stanley Cup which follows. In these, the first- and third- and the second- and fourth-place clubs play each other in best four-out-of-seven rounds, after which the two winners fight it out for the Stanley Cup in another four-out-of-seven series. This brings the hockey season up to mid-April, but there's no guarantee that, taking full advantage of a bullish market, the league won't continue to extend the season at both ends until eventually they will meet in midsummer.

Last this sound farfetched, it should be explained that the National League in 31 years has expanded its schedule from 24 to 70 games per club, adding about three months to the season. The expansion has been by fairly easy stages in inverse ratio to the contraction of the league from a 10- to a six-club circuit. The jump from 24 to 44 games was made in 1926. Five years later a 48-game schedule was drawn up. In 1942 two more games were added. With the second world war out of the way, the owners voted for 60 games in 1946 and, finding this profitable, jumped to 70 games in 1949.

Club owners defend the playoff system by arguing that it gives teams that didn't fare well during the season a chance to redeem themselves. Of course, what it does to the team that proves itself best over 70 games and then flunks out in the final exams is a word that's never spoken at meetings of the NHL Board of Governors.

Another disability that is hard for the owners to justify is the high incidence of tie games. These are an end product of the heavily padded schedule. Three games a week, which each club averages, tax the endurance of even the most durable players. The curtailment of railroad travel during the war gave the National League a valid excuse for doing away with tie-breaking overtime periods, but with the excuse gone there has been no move to restore them. As long as teams can pick up a point in the standing for every deadlock, with nobody getting hurt except the fans, there'll be more and more of them.

Oldtime hockey fans charge that the NHL has damaged the sport most by constant meddling with the rules to step up scoring as box-office bait. Originally, in hockey, the player had to be

onside to receive a pass. The man with the puck could pass it in a forward direction, but unless the receiver was behind the rubber before it was advanced, the pass wasn't allowed. The next phase in the game's evolution or degeneration (according to one's viewpoint) came when the rink was divided into three zones with forward passing permitted in the center or neutral zone. That wasn't enough, however. A season later the forward pass within each zone was legalized. Just in case that wouldn't boost the goal output to specifications, the owners also adopted a rule requiring goalies to reduce the width of their shin pads to 10 inches. In 1934 the penalty shot was introduced and, under an amendment four



PLAYERS' LAWYER. J. Norman Lewis, previously won TV fight with baseball owners.

years later, it was made more spectacular for the fans by permitting the shotmaker to carry the puck right up to the mouth of the goal if he so desired.

Under a rule adopted in 1943, the playing surface was bisected by a red line drawn across the middle, with forward passing permitted for each team in its own half of the rink. This was the move that took all the remaining skill out of the game, in the opinion of such former stars as the late Lionel Conacher and Aurel Joliat, one of the old Montreal Canadiens' famed Flying Frenchmen. The season this rule went into effect the Detroit Red Wings, while blanking the New York Rangers, set two scoring records that are likely to last as long as hockey itself: 15 consecutive goals by one club and eight in one period.

The effect of three decades of rule changing plus ever-heavier schedules has been to produce players who often

entapult the puck aimlessly instead of advancing it by clever stick-handling—and who “bum out” almost before they get started.

Some 50,000 players are registered with the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association. Out of this number there should be a steady supply of new material for the NHL. But playing 50 games or more per season, many of them on the road, is such a strain that by the time they should be ready for big league hockey, many of the youngsters are all through.

As a matter of fact, nowadays the professionals are too often amateurish and the amateurs are almost always pros. The Canadian Amateur Hockey Association defines an amateur as

ing. Beliveau's is the exceptional case, however. The average amateur is a pawn in the hands of the puissant NHL, thanks to a device known as the negotiation list. This is an arrangement by which the big league owners voted themselves the power to stake claims to any promising amateurs who caught their fancy. Under this cozy little scheme any made over 18 who shows talent at pursuing the puck with a forked elm stick becomes the exclusive property, for contractual negotiation purposes, of the first club that files notice of its intentions with the league headquarters. Thereafter, he is unable to talk terms with any club but the one that confiscated his inherent right to dicker in the open market. True, he

Shirts into a third-place finish that had the top-gallery back in business again. Last season Watson's club, a bit mulish at times under his hard driving, dropped a peg. But each season his Rangers have made the playoffs.

The weak sister of the NHL is James D. Norris' Black Hawks club. Having wound up in last place for seven out of the last eight seasons, the Hawks last season hit an understandable low of 140,000 paid admissions for home games. The year before, Norris had warned Chicago that the 1955-56 season would be his last as sponsor of the club if the fans didn't give it more support. But last fall, Owner Norris changed his line. Instead of tossing hockey to the wolves, he announced that it was his first love and said if the Supreme Court ruled that his International Boxing Club was a monopoly, he would concentrate on building the Black Hawks into a team worthy of the Norris escutcheon.

In any case, it isn't likely that Norris would surrender his Black Hawks franchise, and with it control of the balance of power in the NHL, even if he and his partner Arthur Wirtz have (as they claim) dropped a half million into their B.H. of C.—which could mean either Black Hawks of Chicago or Black Hole of Calcutta. Anyway, the Detroit Red Wings, the blue ribbon club of the Norris family, makes up the Hawks' deficit both in money and prestige. The Wings have won the NHL championship in eight of the last nine seasons and the Stanley Cup in four of those.

There are no financial problems in Canada, where hockey comes close to being a religion. If the Montreal Forum's seating capacity of 13,531 were increased by 10,000, every game would still be a sellout. It has been impossible to buy a reserved seat at the Forum box office for a decade. All of them are subscribed and paid for months in advance of the opening of each season. Premiums of from \$100 to \$500 are offered for occasional pairs of season tickets which fall into the hands of brokers. The humbler French-Canadian fans who can't afford season tickets gobble up the rush seats like pea soup, habitant style, but thousands of them are shut out.

Attendance figures are given out by the NHL office in Montreal. For some unexplained reason, those supplied by Madison Square Garden in New York for its own arena don't tally with the official figures. For instance, the Garden's version of 1956-57 attendance

text continued on page 67



OWNERS' KINGPIN in National Hockey League is millionaire James D. Norris. Norris shows here with General John Reed Kilpatrick who runs New York Rangers for him.

"anyone who is not a professional." Actually, the line of demarcation between amateurs and professionals in hockey disappeared into Canada's thin air so long ago nobody can remember when. National League teams for many years sponsored farm clubs in the Eastern Amateur Hockey League in which every player drew a salary paid by the sponsors. Under hockey's version of amateurism, an amateur can play three games per season with a professional club without prejudice to his simon-pure status, which means that he can draw a pro's pay three days per season but must be content with an amateur's salary for the rest of the year. Often it turns out that he is more pleased with it.

The classic example is Jean Beliveau, who was such a gate attraction with the Quebec Aces in the Quebec Senior Hockey League that he was able to make more money as an amateur than most of the big league pros were draw-

won't have to accept the club's propositions, but if he doesn't he won't play professional hockey—or much amateur hockey, either—for the self-appointed masters of all North American hockey players' destinies respect each other's "rights."

Up to now nothing much ever has come of moves directed against the NHL. Occasionally, however, the fans will rebel against inferior teams. In New York, early in the 1952-53 season, they booed Captain Allan Stanley off the Garden ice and stayed away from hockey games in such numbers that the top gallery was closed off briefly for hockey or the poor imitation thereof on display by the Rangers. After being frozen out of the playoffs for five consecutive seasons, the New York club finally got back in the swing in the 1955-56 campaign when fiery Phil Watson took over as coach and whipped the lackadaisical Blue

A WALK INTO AUTUMN

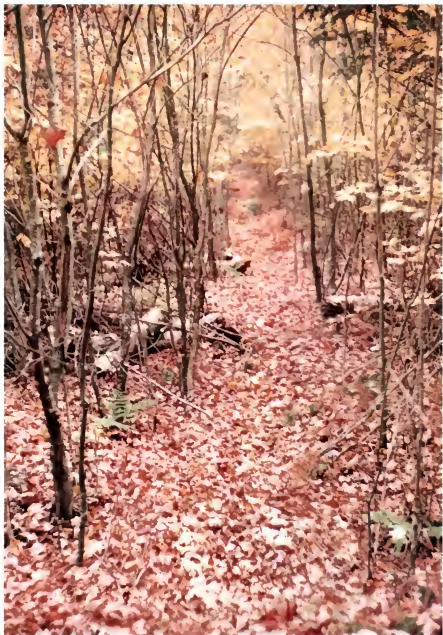


Walt Whitman, in bronze, walks the woods of autumn, a symbol to all true hikers

WHEN October's bright blue weather comes along, the woods of eastern North America stage a mass color display unequalled anywhere else in the world. Millions take to the highways for a necessarily fleeting glimpse of this phenomenon of nature. It is a thrilling sight when viewed as a panorama, but still greater rewards come to those who forsake their cars for a time and go for a walk in the woods. This old American pastime is best typified by Jo Davidson's statue of Walt Whitman near the Trailside Museum at Bear Mountain, N.Y. Hat in hand, the bronze figure of the poet strides along beneath the trees, his eyes on the path ahead. The path, incidentally, is the Appalachian Trail, which hikers can follow from Maine to Georgia. Those who have not forgotten how to use their feet would do well to emulate Whitman. They will find that the fall forests, when seen from the inside, present new patterns in color and form at every step. An old stump wears a crown of emerald moss; the Virginia creeper hangs in cascades of scarlet; autumn leaves against the sky take on more delicate tints; leaf patterns on the forest floor become magic carpets, and even the scorned poison ivy assumes a brilliant beauty. At this time of the year the weather usually cooperates with bright sunshine to temper the crisp air. When conditions are just right, it provides one of the most exhilarating experiences in nature. Reports from several sections in the northeast indicate the display is better than usual this fall. On the following pages the color camera follows the old custom and takes a walk in the autumn woods. It is a custom that should be revived in the automobile age. It is good for the soul, it tones up the body and it's all free.

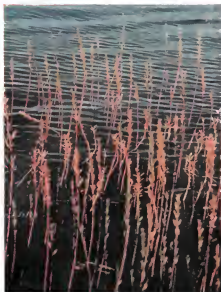
—JOHN O'REILLY

Young sugar maples shed their foliage to carpet a woodland path. Such sights can be seen only from inside the woods





To look up through the mad pattern of
sugar maple leaves against a blue sky is to see
one of the grandest sights in all nature



Water willows growing in the shallows
of a lake at Bear Mountain, N.Y.
accent the blue of the soft ripples





*Moss-covered stumps and stones
provide brilliant green contrast
to the leafy pattern on the ground*

*Leaves of white oak, red and sugar
maples float on forest rain pools
as though affixed to a mirror*





Mellow afternoon sunlight brings out the rich texture in the deep-furrowed bark of a chestnut oak

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

AUTUMN ACROSS THE LAND • PENNSYLVANIA GIVES MUGGY
TAYLOR THE GREEN LIGHT • BATTLE OF WALDEN • NEH
WINS AGAIN • THE ROARING ROAD IN YOUR LIVING ROOM

TIME OF HOPE —AND WHEEZING

AUTUMN, splendid autumn, was here again—in 1957 it was a season of falling leaves and rising temperatures. Though doctors punctured the bared arms of thousands and Macy's filled flu serum prescriptions (a package good for five shots: \$3.98) over the counter, Asian influenza—or something disconcertingly like it—settled in the bones, bellies and bronchial apparatus of innumerable citizens and made them hate themselves and the bright and lovely world. Professional football teams seemed curiously proof against the bugs, but high school games were canceled last week from Butte, Mont. to Port Chester, N.Y., the available manpower of college teams fluctuated wildly from day to day (although perhaps not quite as wildly as their coaches implied) and distracted bettors sought the latest intelligence from campus infirmaries.

The halt and the wheezing were, however, in a minority and most of them recovered soon; millions of Americans were able to draw in a feeling of hope and well-being with October's bracing air. In the North and West, woodland color (see SPECTACLE) astounded the eye, and tree worshippers on double-laned Highway 41 outside Milwaukee caused a truly monumental traffic jam. There was still trout fishing in New Hampshire and the Rockies, still sailing on both coasts, still golf everywhere. Ducks were flying south and 200,000 hunters took to blinds in California alone one rainy day last week. It snowed the same day in Utah's Wasatch Mountains and a dedicated vanguard of Salt Lake City skiers hurried to the heights. Wisconsin hunters bobbled cardboard deer through the brush on wires and blazed away at them to sharpen their reflexes for November's venison; in Omaha a

man named Robin Hood, proprietor of a window-washing service, swore to get a deer this year with bow and arrow.

To the young on college campuses, in high schools and prep schools, autumn (much more than January 1) meant the beginning of a new year, of new attitudes, new fads, new enthusiasms. Northeastern college makes refer to girls this fall as "heaps." The growing campus tendency toward viewing football players with a sardonic eye has spread to—of all places—Texas (where 541,000 fans have already paid to see college football games this year). At SMU, athletes are known simply as the "animals" and the athletic dormitory is called the "zoo." The first recorded panty raid of the season took place at the University of South Carolina, but it was half-hearted; the old rite seemed on the wane although there was still student exuberance—the Theta Chis at the University of Nebraska stripped one of their freshmen, tied him in a sack and hung the

sack on the doorknob of the Tri Delt house. The "Ivy League" buckle—on caps, on shoes, on pants (which is scratching up varnished school desks something terrible) is being worn from coast to coast; and even at Arizona State, Levis, traditional western campus garb, were being supplanted by nonpleated slacks.

Meanwhile, in Baltimore, just before 6:05 o'clock one morning last week, hundreds of curious citizens climbed up on their roofs, breathed deeply of the fresh air and partook of an absolutely new fall sport: Sputnik spotting. That evening a Baltimore disc jockey announced his favorite 1957 fall song: *Shine on, Harvest Moon*.

DESPERATION AT WALDEN

WALDEN POND is doubtless one of the loveliest, as well as the smallest (64 acres), of the world's famous bodies of water. The trees which border

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

• No Jinx in the Program

Although Duffy Daugherty's Michigan State football team lost to Purdue last week, Duffy did not lose a bit of his fine Irish wit. Dismissing the notion of a Purdue jinx, Duffy said sourly: "Jinx didn't make one block or tackle. I guess our real trouble is that we can't stand prosperity."

• The Bug and the Betta

Asian flu, which has stricken football players throughout the country, has also afflicted football gamblers. One Chicago handicapper estimates that business is off 40% to 50% from last year due to canceled games, flighty point spreads which fluctuate hourly with reports of flu-riddled teams.

• Sammy's Practice Round

Sammy Sneed, playing Tokyo's Kasumigasaki Country Club course—site of this week's Canada Cup matches—for the first time, shot a six-under-par 66, three strokes below the competitive record. Keenest one astonished Japanese pro: "I'll never play golf again."

• Progress Report: America's Cup

The New York Yacht Club has tentatively scheduled a series of races beginning in May for the 12-meter sloops vying to represent the U.S. in the America's Cup Race, September 20. Of four probable contenders, three are still models in the testing tanks; the fourth, *Vim*, is in the yard for the winter.

VINDICATION FOR MUGGSY

IN PHILADELPHIA, the City of Brotherly Love, there's this Muggsy Taylor. Now Muggsy's not the First Citizen of Philadelphia, but neither is he the first citizen Philadelphians would like to ride out of town on a rail.

Muggsy is not really a complex character, but he is a man with sides. One is the less gaily side he himself revealed from the witness chair in 1950 when the Kefauver crime committee was playing an engagement in Philadelphia. He was a friend of, Muggsy said, or otherwise acquainted with, such underworld characters as Frankie Carbo, boxing's most sinister behind-the-scenes figure, Al (Scarface) Capone, Charlie (Lucky) Luciano, Frank Costello, Charley Fischetti, Rocco Fischetti, Jake (Greasy Thumb) Guzik, Meyer (Slats) Lansky, Little Augie Pisano, Mickey Cohen, Longy Zwillman and Murray (The Camel) Humphreys. To which may be added Harry (Big Rosen) Stromberg, recently indicted in New York as head of a multimillion-dollar narcotics ring.

But then there is the hindingly virtuous side that was revealed for the first time recently when Philadelphia Mayor Richardson Dilworth, District Attorney Victor Blanc, City Council President James H. J. Tate, Municipal Court Judge Emanuel W. Beloff, Commissioner Bert Bell of the National Football League, and Frank Weiner, former chairman of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, stepped to another chair in an inquiry into Muggsy's general worth and allowed with right hands raised as how Herman Taylor (Muggsy's square moniker) is one of the most valuable and trustworthy, though as yet unsculptured, citizens of the historic Pennsylvania metropolis.

The occasion for the revelation arose when doubt had been cast on Muggsy's essential fitness to hold a license to promote prizefights in the State of Pennsylvania, and it came in the nick of time, for a former fight manager and a once up-and-coming middleweight fighter gave testimony before the Pennsylvania boxing commission that Muggsy was anything but the righteous promoter he was being cracked up to be. The fight manager was Donald E. Rettman, 37, a former Trenton, N.J. department store personnel director. The fighter, George Johnson, 27, once had belonged to

Rettman, though not for long. For, they testified, Muggsy had snatched Johnson from Rettman and became his manager-in-fact though, as a promoter, it was illegal for him to manage fighters. He operated, they said, behind a front in the person of Archie Pirolli, Muggsy's press agent, who became Johnson's manager of record. Rettman was testifying, he said, even though he and his family had been threatened by New Jersey tough guys acting in Muggsy's behalf.

The threat had worked once, when the commission was forced to abandon an action against Muggsy because Rettman did not appear to testify and could not be subpoenaed out of New Jersey. Muggsy just let his promoter's license lapse on December 31, 1955 and waited until last April, a more propitious time, he felt, to apply for a new one. But in the meantime Rettman and Johnson had come to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* with their story, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* had properly referred them and their evidence to the Pennsylvania commission.

Muggsy's lawyer—a Philadelphia lawyer, hatch—was Morton Witkin, alternately badgering and gracious, and always loquacious. In the end it turned out that Witkin could have sat serenely silent, like a TV drama lawyer, and said nothing more than "No questions, your honor," throughout the proceedings. For it developed that the commission had to grant the license anyhow, or believed it did, because the evidence against Muggsy, who denied everything, referred to events before August 31, 1955, which is when the new Pennsylvania Athletic Code came into being. Under a recent decision of the Court of Common Pleas of Dauphin County, the commission cannot punish a licensee, or refuse a license to an applicant, because of acts committed before the code became law. So the commission felt "impelled" to grant Muggsy his license.

What this means, apparently, is that brotherly love also will be extended even to Frankie Carbo, onetime gun slinger for Murder, Inc., if Frankie should apply for a license in Pennsylvania and no one could prove that he had done wrong since 1955. But the chances are Frankie doesn't want a license. His old friend Muggsy has one, and brotherly love to spare.

it are as bright, this autumn, as they were in the fall of 1845, when Henry David Thoreau, having moved two miles from Concord, Mass., was preparing for his first winter there in a 10- by 15-foot hut, and mulling the philosophical thought which was to make his name and that of Walden imperishable. Not all the trees remain, however—a stretch of eastern shore has been bulldozed to baldness, affording, from mid-pond, a clear view of "Walden Breezes," a trailer camp, and nearby hot dog stands. Walden, as a result, is now a battleground.

The acrimony stems from the fact that the pond has not only been a sort of shrine for generations, but has always been used, locally, for swimming. When three Concord families (the Emersons, the Forbesees and the Heywoods) deeded the land around the lake to the commonwealth as a public reservation in 1922, and later when simple bathhouses and swimming piers were built, there were no objections. But last summer, after the Middlesex County commissioners agreed (at the request of the Red Cross, which runs the beach) to make improvements, and wangled \$50,000 from the legislature for that purpose, the tumult and the shouting rose.

Members of the Thoreau Society (not only in Concord, but in London, New York and other faraway cities)



were horrified at news of bulldozers and talk of a paved road to the water's edge. They were more incensed at plans for a concrete bathhouse ("Just like the Maginot Line"). When they heard that one of the commissioners suggested cleaning up "that old pile of rocks"—a cairn at the site of Thoreau's hut on which the devoted have reverently placed stones since 1872—their indignation grew unbearable.

The Thoreau Society hurried into court and got a temporary injunction halting the work. The Board of Commissioners seemed astounded and with some reason, since some of the very people who had asked for improvements were now protesting. "I think it's a great pond and I like to go out and walk through the woods myself," said Commissioner Thomas Bonaventure Brennan last week. "All we ever tried to do was help the Red Cross. I think these people just don't want anyone else to enjoy the pond." So,

pending final action in the courts, the matter stood. It was difficult to guess what Thoreau might have thought of it all, but it was hard to feel that he would have been surprised. "The mass of men," he wrote, "lead lives of quiet desperation."

JUMPER OF THE YEAR

NEW YORK'S Belmont Park belongs to the Arcaros, the Atkinsons and the flat racers for 95 days of the racing year but in October, before the horses are vanned off to Jamaica, the United Hunts Association moves in and puts a steeplechase cap on the whole show.

For two days last week Tyrolean hats with saucy feathers burst forth like chrysanthemums. The Turf and Field Club, haunted by emptiness most of the season, became muddled with mink. The hunt set arrived in tweedy clumps and occupied the land of the runner.

Salutations spilled over the lawns, clipped and questioning. "Hello there, George. How goes it? Haven't seen you since the Garden. Or was it Montclair? We must get together one of these days." But all the conversations eventually got around to Neji, who for two years has been the darling of the jump set wherever it gathers, in Middleburg or Malvern or Oxmoor. This time Neji was trying to win his second Temple Gwathmey—two and a half miles and 13 jumps—under the highest burden, 173 pounds, ever imposed in the 34 runnings of the race.

Neji ambled delicately in the walking ring, his rich chestnut color ricocheting sunlight. As he walked past his owner, Mrs. Ogden Phipps, words of praise came in murmurs: "Don't ever remember him being in better shape." On Neji's back was a six-foot Irish boy named Pat Smithwick, who had boosted his weight from 140 to 145 pounds so that as much of Neji's 173 pounds as possible would be "live" weight and not dead. A rubber band circled around the left sleeve of Smithwick, holding fast a stick of Beech-Nut gum.

When the 12 horses got onto the course Smithwick unwrapped the gum and popped it into his mouth. The other horses wiggled through two false starts, but Neji stood stoically still.

The tape sprung, and Neji started slowly. At the eighth fence he was sixth but starting to strike. By the 10th he was third, moving like a roll of drums. He went by his stablemate, the 1956 Gwathmey winner Ancestor, and as he rode to his last fence the decision was not in doubt. He sprang away by seven lengths, breaking his own track record

by almost three seconds. When he came back to the winner's circle the people were comparing him to Battleship, the only American horse ever to win England's Grand National.

By the time Jamaica opened the next afternoon the hunt set had left. The flat racers took over again, and the seasonal argument was taken up again: who should be Horse of the Year—Round Table or Gallant Man? Few words were spoken of Neji. But maybe he is.

WHISH-WHOOSH

ANYBODY who wants one can now buy a long-playing phonograph record which will give him, in meticulous high fidelity, 40 minutes of the assorted noises made by sports car engines. *Sports Cars in Hi-Fi* is the product of Riverside Records, a small but lively organization whose president, producer, engineer, sales manager and art director are all young men in their 30s and all sports car owners. The company started out recording music, plays and verse, and does so still. But at the 1956 Grand Prix of Endurance at Sebring, President Gill Grauer taped the sounds of voices and engines as he heard them along the circuit and in the pits.

"Just to see what would happen," says Grauer, "we put some of it on a record and called it *Sounds of Sebring*. It sold like mad."

So now there is also *Pat Stop* (made at the Nassau Trophy Races in December 1956) and *Sports Cars in Hi-Fi*



(made at Watkins Glen). The latter album has a program note for each car: notice the *ralee surge* on the PBX: *whish-whoosh, whish-whoosh*.

The market for all this sound and fury is as precisely limited as the market for surgical instruments. Hi-fi purists buy the records because the deep roar of the engines is ideal for showing off their equipment, and sports car owners buy them because, as Grauer explains it, "They are a well-heeled lot and they all like to own every scrap of material that concerns their sport."

Encouraged by the salability of pure noise, Riverside Records decided to try plain talk as well and so issued a series of almost sloppily relaxed conversations with top racing drivers. Each man is allotted an entire LP record on

which to speak his thoughts about himself and his profession. The Marquis de Portago, musing about death on the race course, said, "Every driver believes it can never happen to him. I know it won't happen to me." (A few months after he made the recording, Portago was killed in the Mille Miglia in Italy.)

Carroll Shelby, speaking with affection of the old striped overalls he likes to wear in competition, says, "They've been in something over 100 races now and won about 88 of them." Stirling Moss admits that for touring, he would settle for "a Lincoln or a Caddy with air conditioning and reclining seats and a radio."

Only the sports car fans seem to care for the talking records. The hi-fi bug sticks to the engine sounds. He likes to start his turntable, close his eyes and hear a wide-open Maserati come screaming up from the turn, plunge through his living room, and fade away down the stretch.

A ROCK FOR ROCKY AND THE REF

THE MOST BORING fight of the year was inflicted on a Madison Square Garden crowd and a network of U.S. living rooms Friday night when Rocky Castellani alternately clutched and backpedaled for 10 rounds in an effort to escape the fists of Rory Calhoun. No. 5 middleweight contender in the National Boxing Association rankings. If rankings mean anything in match-making, there was no good reason for the fight, presented by the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president), since Castellani is so rank as to be unranked and unlikely to be ranked.

Referee Harry Kessler made a noisy effort to persuade Rocky to fight, but got nowhere. "Come on, Rocky," he pleaded, loud enough for ringsiders to hear, "let's make a fight of it." Castellani ignored him.

He might not have ignored him, though, if Referee Kessler had wielded a power that pre-TV referees have exercised. He could have threatened to stop the bout and award it to Calhoun and he could have carried out the threat if Castellani persisted in his preposterous retreat.

But Kessler did nothing of the sort, of course, though some of the spectators were walking out on the silly affair. This is the TV era of boxing, with the IBC in command, and that's the way it's going to be until a competitive situation is established in boxing.



Post
Day



PHOTOGRAPH BY HANK WALKER—LIFE

WHEN THRONES TOPPLE

When Queen Elizabeth (above) and Prince Philip saw their first American football game Saturday, it is doubtful that they realized Maryland's 21-7 victory over North Carolina was one in a series of upsets which rocked the thrones of the football mighty, from the staid Ivy League through the howling Midwest and on out to the schizoid Pacific Coast Conference. The Queen watched the game with queenly dignity and, by the end of the game, had asked enough questions to pick up roughly the same knowledge of football as a

one-game-a-year alumnus' wife. University of Maryland President Bull Elkins, who instructed her on the finer points, found only one of her questions very difficult to answer: "Where do your players come from?" Said he, "All over."

By late Saturday night no coach in the country had felt impelled to blur his brains out (see cartoon), but more than a few must have considered the idea seriously. That was notably the case of Michigan State's Duffy Daugherty, who

continued

FOOTBALL'S FIFTH WEEK *continued*

started the day with the rare distinction of having his team rated over Oklahoma nationally, then watched that rating plummet as a Purdue team jolted his Spartans into 10 fumbles, recovered five of them and converted two of the recoveries into touchdowns for a 20-13 upset. Such, too, was the case with Minnesota's Murray Warmath as Illinois, teased into fury during the week by Coach Ray Eliot's shuffling of first-team personnel to the second for "pose play," took out its pique on the fourth-ranked Gophers 24-12. But the Hackers of Coach Forest Evashevski, the Iowa iconoclast, followed form as they blocked out a 21-7 victory over Wisconsin; another formidable team was Indiana, whose coach, Bob Hicks, told newsmen at a Friday practice, "Gentlemen, you're looking at the world's tallest midgets." Saturday the midgets lost, 36-9, to Ohio State. In the West, Teacher Red Sanders gave a postgraduate lesson to Pupil Tommy Prothro (a former assistant) as UCLA toppled Oregon State 26-7.

KING FOR A DAY was Illinois Halfback Bob Mitchell (22), whose strong running was one of the big factors in the 34-13 upset the Illini handed Minnesota Saturday. Gaping holes like the one below gave Mitchell running room, and the senior back time and again split the Gopher defense with slithering, slippery runs. Here he dances through a huge gap in the Minnesota line to score the third Illinois touchdown, with not a tackler in sight who is standing up.





REGICIDE resulted from plays like these as Purdue unceremoniously dethroned football's top-ranked Michigan State 29-13. Fullback Bob Jauras (36) went up and over a knot of Spartan tacklers to score from the one-yard line in the second period. The Purdue victory could be traced largely to the Bollermaker line play, which not only banged the Spartans into 10 costly fumbles, but stopped Michigan State's running with only 115 yards, rushed Spartan Quarterback Jim Nisowski so hard he lost 35 yards attempting to pass, and squibbed three Spartan attempts to run on fourth down. It also paved the way for the Purdue backs.

USURPER: Oregon State, king of the Pacific Coast, found its position usurped by underdog UCLA Saturday, had to wait until the fourth quarter before Jim Stinnette (37) finally climbed over this stack of humanity for the first OSC touchdown. But UCLA, playing safe, unspectacular football and waiting for the Beavers to make the mistakes, scored early and reasonably often to upset the defending Pacific Coast champions 28-7. Oregon State Coach Tom Frothro, who once was assistant to UCLA's Red Sanders, had no difficulty in explaining the thundering upset succinctly: "They blocked better, they ran better, they passed better. They were superior in every department."





THIS GRAVEL ROAD was the way to victory for Iowa's Hawkeyes as they pounded out a methodical 21-7 triumph over previously undefeated Wisconsin. Behind the tremendous blocking which characterized the Iowa attack all afternoon, Bill Gravel (14), stubby Iowa halfback, heads for daylight. The street-sweeping ahead of Gravel is being carried on by Fullback John Noeven (31), Guard Bob Cummings (50) and Halfback Bill

Happel, moving in to block Wisconsin's fullback, Boh Zeman (34). The Iowa defense contained Wisconsin's speedy halfbacks—Danny Lewis and Sid Williams—admirably all afternoon as the ends turned sweeps back into the middle, where Tackles Alex Karsas and Dick Klein could ambush them. Gravel gained only four yards on the excursion above, but later he returned an intercepted pass 44 yards for a touchdown as Iowa remained unbeaten.

THE EYES

have it here as Marvin Lavater of Texas Christian (23) eyes a hole in the Texas A&M line and Ken Beck 72 of A&M pokes his finger into the eye of would-be blocker Jimmy Sholner (22). Beck's unusual defensive tactic was effective enough for him to shake his blocker long enough to make the tackle on Lavater after a three-yard gain. Leading the play is Texas Christian Fullback Buddy Dike (38); the young man being forcibly erased from the picture at top is A&M's fullback Dick Gay (30), the victim of some neat team play by Dick Finney (40) and Delton Elenburg (83). Texas A&M struggled to a 7-0 victory against a TCU team which moved the ball all afternoon but could not score. Said A&M Coach Bear Bryant, "We went at 'em head on and they rose up to meet us. You could hear the ticks out there."



HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD

was Utah Coach Jack Curtice, who, by example, made the forward pass popular in the Skyline Conference (see next page). Here Denver's Steve Meuris hauls in a long pass from Al Yanovich for a 40-yard gain which extricated Denver from a deep hole in the third period. Trailing Meuris futilely is Stuart Vaughan, Utah halfback. Denver went on to upset the favored Utes 12-7, relying

on a bristling line to keep Utah's serial offense off balance all afternoon. Icy-cold weather kept the crowd down and may also have had something to do with the inaccuracy of the Utes passing attack. Adding insult to injury, Denver's first touchdown came on the heels of a pass interception. Danny Loos picked off a Lee Grosscup toss, and Denver scored quickly on a pass of its own. Curtice may come to regret his advocacy of the aerial game,



CACTUS JACK AND HIS KOKOMOS

Utah's Coach Curtice, with a wild and wonderful offense, has revolutionized football in the air-minded Skyline Conference

by **TEX MAULE**



JACK CURTICE is a natural man. He spends a lot of time dinkin' around and he calls people "kokomos" for no particular reason. Dinkin' around includes every human activity from coaching football to playing golf to talking at banquets, and Curtice is very adept at dinkin' around. He is a warm, pleasant kokomo who coaches football at the University of Utah and who knows more people in Salt Lake City than Brigham Young ever did. He has a wide-happy face with a wide-happy smile, and his small blue eyes twinkle like small blue match flames behind horn-rim glasses. He has a wide, sturdy build which reflects his days as a quarterback at Transylvania College, and, unless you have extraordinarily powerful hands or a large measure of fortitude, you are likely to regret shaking hands with him since it is roughly the equivalent of shaking hands with a bear trap. The crushing salute does not reflect any sadistic tendency in Jack Curtice; it is just that he likes almost everyone very much and takes this way to show it.

Curtice is a happy, free-wheeling, albeit very capable, football coach. He likes his football players even more than he likes other people, and he treats them with a mixture of stern admonition, fatherly kindness and small-boy humor. He identifies himself with them almost completely, and he suffers as much with the problems of a fourth-string guard as with those of his first-string quarterback.

Early this season a massive youngster named Tony Polychronis, who is a sophomore guard, retired to the privacy of a small, spreading bush on the edge of the Utah practice field, where he lay

down in lonesome 19-year-old sorrow and cried. Curtice, who misses nothing in practice and certainly is attuned to the mental and physical well-being of 240-pound guards, saw the boy and walked over to him.

Trouble for a kokomo

"Hey, kokomo," he said softly. "What's troublin' you?"

Polychronis heaved his chunky body around and peered tearfully up through the leaves at the coach.

"I'm tired out and my legs have quit on me and I'm letting the team down, sir," he blubbered.

Curtice crawled under the bush.

"I'm tired too, kokomo," he said. "My legs quit a long time ago, and I guess I've let the team down a dozen times. Move over, I'm gonna cry too."

Pretty soon Curtice and Polychronis crawled out from under the bush and started dinkin' around on the practice field again. Now Polychronis' legs are in such good condition he can do a front flip, which is a rare and unusual accomplishment for a 240-pound guard and even, occasionally, a useful one.

Curtice has been at the University of Utah since 1956, when he quit as head coach at Texas Western after two successive Sun Bowls.

"I figured there wasn't much left for me to accomplish there," he said. "I liked this country and I liked Ike Armstrong, who was the athletic director here when I was hired. When he called me the first time, I told him I didn't think I wanted the job. Then I got to thinkin' about it and I decided it was a pretty good challenge and I called him the next day and said I would take it."

Curtice installed the wide-open, hell-for-leather offense which has been his trademark since he started coaching 27 years ago in Kentucky.

"We operate on the theory of always threatening a pass with the possibility of a run," he said the other day on the Utah practice field. "Most split-T teams threaten to run with the possibility of a pass. Football that way's not much fun."

He walked back out to his players. They were running through one of the intricate pass patterns Curtice likes, and Curtice stopped them.

"A handy-legged ol' feller like you never should let anyone get to him," he said to a linebacker. "You got arms hang down to your knees. When you go in there go in *crash*!"

He turned to a halfback.

"And you, when you get through the hole. Don't run out there like a mule in a 20-acre pasture. Look for friends."

Curtice considers his players gentlemen. He insists that they wear a coat and tie when the team travels and that they always address him as sir. "Our motto is 'Be conspicuous by being inconspicuous,'" Curtice, who is fond of mottoes, says.

Two small boys in little league football uniforms watched Curtice from the sidelines. "He don't like nothin'," one of them observed sagely. "He liked us. He saw us play and said so," the other replied. "Aw, I didn't see him out there," said the first.

Curtice walked back to the sidelines and did an exaggerated doubletake when he saw the youngsters.

"All right, gentlemen," he said very sternly. "There is no reason why you

can't report on time like every one else. Take 20 laps apiece."

The boys scrambled to their feet.

"But..." said the smaller of the two.

"Now!" said Curtice, and the little one began to trot around the field. The older boy said, "We're little leaguers, sir."

Curtice grinned and whistled at the youngster trotting away.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," he said. "I felt sure you were on my team."

The youngsters trudged away thankfully, and Curtice returned to watching his practice.

"I'm offense-minded," he said with relish. "Now this team has good speed and agility. We can go wide and we can pass. We hit for long scores. We're not a half-controlled team, but we can play ball control when we want to. And we can do it passing, not hitting for four yards in a cloud of dust like the split-T teams. We can do it on quick passes—sidelines and hooks. We got a fine passer in Lee Grosscup, and Stuart Vaughan, he's a great receiver. He's got tremendous hands and a great knack of getting loose. And he's got quickness and balance."

This was the last practice Curtice called before his game with Brigham Young. He gave the team the next day—Friday—off. Thursday night he took his family to dinner at the sumptuous Fort Douglas Club and to a play at the university theater afterward. He enjoyed the play thoroughly (*Witness for the Prosecution*, with Basil Rathbone).

Curtice, however, is far from indigent. In addition to his substantial salary as head coach at Utah, he makes some 200 speeches a year at banquets, luncheon clubs, quarterback clubs and coaching clinics. He is an engaging, hilarious speaker.

"I've never written a speech in my life," he said the other day. "I just talk from my heart, and I got a big mouth, too. I just sort of dink around up there."

A recent Curtice week went something like this: Monday noon, a talk at the Salt Lake City quarterback club; Tuesday evening, ditto; a banquet for the University of Wisconsin in Madison; Wednesday, back to Salt Lake City for a weekly half-hour television show Curtice operates; Thursday, Las Vegas, New Mexico, for another banquet speech; Friday noon, a speech for a little league group in Philadelphia.

At the Salt Lake quarterback club luncheons, Curtice is very frank. In

continued



QUARTERBACK LEE GROSSCUP IS BOMBARDIER IN UTAH'S EFFECTIVE AERIAL ASSAULT

SKYLINE'S MEN OF THE AIR

The Curtice week on the Skyline Gridiron was a short but busy one for the nation's top 15 passers, four of the 15 best receivers

PASSERS	NATIONAL		COMP	YARDS	TDS.
	RANKING	ATTEMPTS			
Bob Winters, Utah State	1	108	57	757	5
Lee Grosscup, Utah	5	59	42	549	4
Larry Zowada, Wyoming	13	69	30	436	1
Carroll Johnston, BYU	15	72	29	228	1
RECEIVERS		GAMES	CAUGHT	YARDS	TDS.
Stuart Vaughan, Utah	1	3	23	333	2
Gary Kapp, Utah State	2	3	24	360	3
Overton Curtis, Utah State	12	5	14	171	1
Russ Mather, Wyoming	15	5	12	219	1

DRESS RIGHT—YOU CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO

King-
sized
Comfort!

FUL-BAK® pajamas

For the man who knows there is nothing as rewarding as a comfortable night's sleep... these pajamas are especially designed to permit complete freedom for the most restless sleeper. Freer shoulder action... freer movement... is yours because of the deeper coat pleat... wider, deeper armholes... exclusive back trouser pleat... expanded, lengthened seat... and non-constricting one piece crotch. Available in your choice of patterns and solid colors. Sizes A to F. From about \$4.00 to \$6.95.

WELDON

P A J A M A S

WELDON PAJAMAS, INC.

EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N. Y.

JOHN RAITT, CO-STARRING IN THE PAJAMA GAME, A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

CACTUS JACK

continued

his first speech he told the members, "Win or lose, I'll be happy to meet with you every Monday. You can ask the questions, and if I don't know the answers I'll make some up."

He has been true to his pledge, both to appear and to make up the answers if he didn't know them. Two years ago, his Utes lost two games they should have won, then won one they should have lost.

"How come?" someone asked Jack at the Monday session.

"Well, gentlemen," Curtice began in the Kentucky drawl which gets broader on occasions like these, "that coach over in Colorado is a married man with a family. His team wasn't doing good and we saved his job for him. And the feller over in Wyoming is a married man, and he was on a spot following Bowden Wyatt in there. We saved that man's job, too."

Curtice stopped and peered delightedly at the audience. What about last week, someone asked. Utah had just beaten Colorado A&M after the Ags clinched the Skyline championship.

Save Pappy's job

"Well, sir," Curtice answered, "I said to my boys: 'You saved a man's job two weeks ago and you saved another man's job last week. Now go on out there and save one more man. This time save old Pappy Jack.'"

Saturday morning before Utah's game with Brigham Young, Curtice was relaxed as few coaches are so close to game time. He went out to watch his youngest son Jimmy quarterback a little league football team. The youngster completed two long passes, blocked well and came up like a determined, angry mouse to tangle on defense. Later in the day, talking to Jimmy, Curtice asked him about some of his quarterback calls.

"Well, sir," said Jimmy, who is a chunky smaller edition of his father, "one time, some guy attack his thumb in my eye and I couldn't see so good. I didn't want to go out so I went on. I called a play but I couldn't see and I handed the ball to the wrong guy and he run 30 yards and I still couldn't see so good. I handed off to the wrong guy again and we scored."

"Shows the value of coaching," said Curtice gravely.

By game time Saturday night, Curtice was a little quieter, but still relaxed. He is a very knowledgeable coach and easily one of the most competent

architects of football offense in the nation. His team was well prepared and Curtice seemed confident. Utah scored quickly on a tackle-eligible pass—a bit of legerdemain which allowed a 225-pound tackle named Evert Jones to catch a pass for the first touchdown of his life. Curtice, who is a tremendous showman on the sidelines, was quiet this night. His team was winning easily and he did not, as he has in the past, swoon dramatically over any of the officials' decisions or throw his big hat on the ground and jump on it or hurl himself on the ground. He watched Brigham Young unlimber a passing attack of its own and sent in an end to replace a sophomore who had been lax in pass coverage. In the seven years he has been at Utah, Curtice has changed the face of football in the Skyline Conference. Now all the teams play wide-open, pass-conscious football, and Curtice often is confronted with his own plays run at him by opposing coaches. Curtice enjoys the wholehearted respect of the coaching fraternity; he is a member of the Board of Trustees of the American Football Coaches Association, a member of the NCAA Rules Committee and, this year, head coach of the West team in the annual East-West Shrine game.

After the Brigham Young game, Curtice circulated among the sweating, boisterous youngsters in the dressing room. "Where's Slick Jones?" he hollered, looking for the tackle who had scored the first touchdown. Jones, a ponderous, beefy youngster, pushed through the players. "How's about making me an end, sir?" he asked. "Kokomo, you may be a halfback next week," Curtice said.

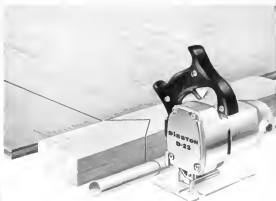
Later, in the lobby of the Hotel Utah, he accepted congratulations from dozens of well-wishers. Then, for the first time, his habitual good humor gave way for a moment.

A fan, hand outstretched, walked up to him. "I wouldn't have shaken hands with you last week [Utah lost]," he said, "but after tonight I will."

Curtice looked frosty.

"Mister," he said coldly, "I don't know what you do or how well you do it, so I'm not so sure I want to shake hands with you." He walked away.

The Skyline title could be decided when Utah plays Wyoming, although both, possibly looking ahead too far, were upset Saturday. Utah lost 12-7 to Denver; Wyoming was tied by Brigham Young 0-0. Wyoming, on the passing of Larry Zowada, has the kind of go-for-broke offense Curtice uses. Blame it on Cactus Jack Curtice. **END**



DISSTON PRESENTS:

A 5¼ Pound Electric Hand Saw that cuts Metal, Wood, Plastic



The D-23 Electric Hand Saw brings you entirely new features in fast, versatile cutting for home workshop or professional jobs. Tests prove the D-23 from 15% to 50% faster than competitive saws, whether cutting in wood, metal or plastic. And it's made by DISSTON, a famous name in saws for more than 100 years. Only **\$98⁵⁰**

"ORBITE" Action gives the DISSTON D-23 Electric Hand Saw its fast, clean cut and reduces blade wear. The blade has an orbital motion (3,800 strokes per minute). It cuts on the up-stroke, moves away from the material on the down-stroke. The result is less fraying of edges, truer cuts on circles, scrolls, straight lines or bevels. Extra, easy-to-change blades and detachable electric cord come with the saw.

H. K. PORTER COMPANY, INC.

HEAVY DISSTON DIVISION

FREE BOOKLET

Mail this coupon today for an illustrated booklet outlining many more convenient and exclusive features of the DISSTON D-23. Instructions tell you how you can get the most out of your electric hand saw.

H. K. PORTER COMPANY, INC.

610 Talbot, Philadelphia 15, Pa.
Please send me the FREE booklet about the new DISSTON D-23 Electric Hand Saw.

Name
Street Address
City Zone

INSIDE 'LAZY BONES III'

- ① Crew's quarters with two 6-foot 7-inch foam rubber banks, head under seat
- ② Owner's air-conditioned stateroom, with two right-angled 6-foot 6-inch banks, 5 large drawers, dressing table, head and shower.
- ③ Two Chrysler 225-hp V-8 engines, giving top forward speed of 24 knots, maximum RPM 4,200.
- ④ 120 gallon fresh water tank.
- ⑤ Three gas tanks, total capacity 315 gallons, allow cruising range of 15 hours.

- ⑥ Twin 21-by-24 propellers and twin rudders give top maneuverability.
- ⑦ Extreme V bottom with deep forefoot and weight concentrated aft make boat stable and seaworthy.
- ⑧ Transom door 36 by 20 inches, offset to prevent tangle with chair while boating fish.
- ⑨ Gaff racks; rod holders in coaming, rod storage in deck house, live bait well under deck.
- ⑩ Removable fighting chair with rod holders in quick freeing, jam-proof gimballs, adjustable footrest, removable back.
- ⑪ Cockpit 300 square feet; electrically refrigerated bait box under coaming.
- ⑫ Cockpit controls for use while fighting or boating a fish.
- ⑬ Lounge with plastic-covered foam cushions; air conditioning unit under seat.
- ⑭ Television set.
- ⑮ Radio direction finder.

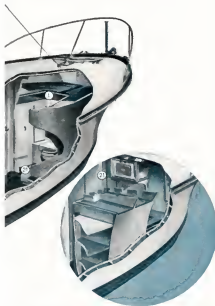
- ⑯ Flying bridge controls.
- ⑰ 12-foot spruce gin pole with 300-watt floodlight on top.

AN ANGLER'S NEW ANGLE

by THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER

A boat builder named Rybovich and a sportsman named Peters studied every angling angle and brought forth a harmony of hull, power and tower named 'Lazy Bones III'

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN BRECHSEL



16 36-foot braced aluminum outriggers for skip-ping baits well out of wake

19 Aluminum tower with platform 24 feet above

water has full set of controls; affords excellent visibility for spotting fish.

22 14-foot spruce mast with spotter's seat.

20 A compact but unusually efficient galley on star-board side (see insert). wall oven with a two-burner gas stove; 11-cubic-foot icebox with 100-pound-capacity freezer above.

TO MOST YACHTSMEN the extraordinarily complex craft pictured on these pages may suggest a hybrid between a fine cruiser and a sea-going Erector set. In a way, she is just that. For it is doubtful if any 40-foot boat has ever gone to sea draped with more poles, wheels and gadgets than W. Harry Peters' *Lazy Bones III*. But on *Lazy Bones III* every line and gadget has a purpose, every pole and protrusion was painstakingly designed and machined to get one final result—a boat that would be perfect for spotting, baiting, fighting, and boating salt-water game fish anywhere and in any weather. Although *Lazy Bones III* was launched only three years ago, she has already proved herself as close to perfection as any fishing boat in the world today. Among the many giant trophies which have been hauled through her unique transom door are a 401-pound swordfish, a 604-pound blue marlin, and a 727-pound bluefin tuna. A 656-pound mako shark has been hoisted up her gin pole, and from her side dozens of exhausted white marlin, sailfish and lesser game fish have been released to fight again. Already, *Lazy Bones III* has won both the Bimini Big Game Fishing Club Tuna Tournament and twice the Montauk Yacht Club Decathlon, the latter a demanding, summer-long competition for all types of game fish and all classifications of tackle.

Unique as she is, however, *Lazy Bones III* was no builder's brain storm. She is the end product of the knowledge and ideas gathered over forty years of marine design by John Rybovich & Sons, West Palm Beach, Florida, specialists in building outstanding sport fishing boats for outstanding sport fishermen. Yet 44-year-old Johnny Rybovich, head of the company his father founded and a fine angler himself, readily admits that the keel of *Lazy Bones III* might never have been laid if W. Harry Peters of Hackensack, New Jersey, her owner, were not the kind of a man who knew what he wanted and persisted until he got it.

continued

ANGLER'S NEW ANGLE

continued

In his 50s, Peters is a hard-muscled, squarely built man with a prodigious share of deep-water determination. His face is weathered, his hands are broad and strong. After seeing him, it is no surprise to learn that two summers ago he fought a giant tuna for nine hours and was still battling when the fish finally broke off.

Even in his dry land headquarters at W. H. Peters, Inc. of Hackensack, distributors for Cadillac and Pontiac in Bergen County, Peters is surrounded by symbols of his attachment to salt water. The hood of his Cadillac convertible sparkles with a chrome-plated miniature blue marlin. Silver-mounted marlin bills and paintings of the 11 boats he owned before *Lazy Bones III* line his office walls. An enormous blue marlin tail hangs over his desk. A sail-fish bill serves as letter opener, and under the table is a cardboard carton of leader wire slated to join the \$11,000 aggregation of angling tackle already aboard *Lazy Bones*.

In short, everything about Peters

suggests the deep water man, and yet until 1945 he had never wet a line in salt water. Before that he was dedicated to the delicate art of fly-fishing for trout on New York's Beaverkill. Then one day he joined a tuna fishing expedition out of Beach Haven, N.J. "I never went back to fresh water," Peters said. "I liked the big fish—I still do. I like the way they bounce you around in the fighting chair. Yes, the swordfish is the hardest fish to bait and hook, but the seven I've caught have all come up dead. Take blue marlin—they'll fight you right up to the transom."

But if Harry Peters had found happiness chasing big game fish, he was unhappy with the boats he did the chasing in. In his first boat, which he bought in 1945, he hooked a tuna off Watch Hill, Rhode Island, and the fighting chair fell apart with Peters in it. Ten more boats followed in fewer years. They were either too small, too wet, too slow, too clumsy or too something for a perfectionist like Peters. Finally, when the 11th boat was not up to snuff either, Peters decided that since no one else could satisfy him, Rybovich, a man he was hearing more

and more about, *was* able to build the perfect sport fisherman.

In 1951 he got hold of Johnny Rybovich and outlined his conception of a boat to him. Rybovich, a plain talker himself, said he would not build it. At that time he and his two younger brothers, Thomas and Emil, were producing a line of 36-foot sport fishing boats that were considered the finest afloat. Peters, however, was asking for a craft with all the Rybovich angling aids—but one that was bigger, faster and roomier than anything Rybovich had yet built. Logically enough, Johnny Rybovich saw no reason to change a very successful policy.

For three years Peters bombarded Rybovich with letters and phone calls, punctuated by personal visits. Finally Johnny relented, and in May of 1954 the construction of *Lazy Bones III* began. Peters, however, almost missed the November 1954 launching. On August 31 he was again off Rhode Island, when Hurricane Carol blew in and demolished or sank 25 of the 80 boats participating in the U.S. Atlantic Tuna tournament. "We rode it out with a hole in the boat," he recalls, "but all I could think of while we were doing it was why the hell didn't Johnny say he'd build *Lazy Bones III* sooner."

Shortly after *Lazy Bones III* slipped down the ways at West Palm Beach, Rybovich & Sons felt they really had achieved a fisherman's tour de force. Although she is four feet longer, and therefore much roomier, than the sleek Rybovich 36-footers past or present, *Lazy Bones III* can do anything they can do as well if not better. Her hull design, for example, particularly the deep V at her forefoot, makes her an unusually stable sea boat. At the same time, she is fast. From a dead-in-the-water start her 225-hp V-8 Chrysler engines will boost her to a top speed of 24 knots in only 15 seconds.

Lazy Bones III's 100 square feet of self-bailing cockpit is clear of any obstruction which might foul a fishing line or interfere with the crew's handling of a fish ready for the gulf. A Rybovich-designed fighting chair is the cockpit's only prominent fixture, and it has every adjustment (see drawing) to fit a man who may have to spend several hours struggling with a fish four or five times heavier than he is. While the angler is struggling, Captain Jack Pierpont and Mate Don Pearsall can follow every phase of the action from one of *Lazy Bones III*'s three complete sets of controls and maneuver the boat to checkmate any move the fish might make.



HEADING SEAWARD, the deep bow of *Lazy Bones III* throws out sheets of spray as Owner Harry Peters, Captain Jack Pierpont and Mate Don Pearsall watch for fish from flying bridge and tuna tower. At right, Peters stands with a 585-pound tuna taken off Montauk, N.Y., the kind of trophy *Lazy Bones III* has repeatedly helped him capture.

One of the three control stations—and *Lazy Bones III* was the first Rybovich model to have three—is in the 24-foot-high aluminum "tuna tower." The tower itself is another striking Rybovich innovation. It was originally designed for Bimini and Cat Cay tuna anglers who had difficulty spotting schools of giant bluefish as they migrated northward across the shallow Great Bahama Bank. The tower was so successful off Bimini that anglers are now using it up and down the Atlantic Coast to spot all varieties of fish, particularly swordfish in northeastern waters.

Even the gin pole (see drawing) has a special purpose. Though *Lazy Bones III*'s transom door is large enough to ship any fish, Harry Peters says, "I don't want a mako shark in the cockpit with me." Peters knows his angling business. The mako shark is a contrary creature, one which has been known to gnaw a cockpit to splinters if hoisted alive. Hoisted by the tail and lashed to the gin pole, he can only expire in splinterless frustration. "Besides," adds Peters, "a fishing boat just doesn't look right without a gin pole, and I can always hang my gram from it."

Lazy Bones III has been in the water for three years now, fishing more than 100 days a year and proving her perfection to Rybovich and Peters. But she convinced a lot of other people a lot sooner. She was so handsome that even before her maiden trip topnotch anglers with \$70,000 to spend for the best in boats began to form a line.

During the last three years seven sister models have been finished and an eighth is almost ready for delivery. While *Lazy Bones III* was still in the yard, D. H. Braman of Victoria, Texas ordered *C'ous*. Then, in order, came *Georgia May*, built for the Criss Buick Co. of Savannah, Ga.; *Three Rings*, built for P. Ballantine & Sons of Newark; *Bow-Gee*, built for Gene Goble of Miami; *Six-Six-Mur II*, built for the Phillips Petroleum Co. of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; *Ten-Less*, built for Roger Forestone of Pottstown, Pa.; and, finally, *Sixi*, just launched for John S. Lucas of Cleveland. Within two months, the eighth *Lazy Bones* copy, to be named *Eino*, will be ready for John Engelhorn & Sons of Newark.

After another successful summer season in Montauk, N.Y., *Lazy Bones III* is now on her way from northern waters to Cape Hatteras, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. and the Bahamas. Harry Peters will fly down to meet her and go right on proving that she was and is a salt-water angler's dream boat. "I wouldn't change a thing," he says.

END



Varsity-Town Clothes Style Major

Combines
Model and Fabric
Glory with the
"Inside Story"
of Luxurious
BEMBERG®
Linings

A Varsity-Town Suit's "story of excellence" is continued inside as well as outside. Beneath its distinctive model and exclusive fabric . . . such as the rich-tone, subdued contrast Glen illustrated . . . there's a luxury lining of finest Bemberg, woven by David Small.

Featured by 600 Leading Style Stores, including:

The Mechl. Co., Washington	Emporium, San Francisco
Magen's, Lincoln	P. A. Meyer & Sons, Erie
Perfers, Phoenix	Nebraska Co. Co., Omaha
Baylors, Minneapolis	Popular E. & Co., El Paso
The Hub, Wheeling	Quality Shop, Portsmouth
A. M. Baidon, Flint	Stirling-Lindner-Davis, Cleveland
Max Green & Co., Whiting	Tate Brown Co., Charlotte
Mayer Ispatz's, New Orleans	Adam, Melvin & Anderson, Buffalo
The H. A. Sussman Co., Cincinnati 2, Ohio	



REBEL ON HORSEBACK

Humberto Mariles, the Mexican general who refuses to fade away, is back in the U.S. again to prove—by winning—that his equestrian principles are sound as well as sensational

by ALICE HIGGINS

IN THE RAFFINED atmosphere of championship sports, few contests are more exacting or more dramatic than that classic of classics in the pageantry of the horse-show world, the international jumping competition. Framed in the ornate trappings of tradition, demanding the precision of a ballerina and the power of a pole vaulter, it is a trial which combines artistry and athletics in their highest degree, a field reserved by stern selection for a heroic few. Twice yearly, in Harrisburg, Pa. this week and in New York's Madison Square Garden from November 5 to 12, the U.S. plays host to those who have attained this perfection—and always present is the man who in 20 years of jumping has made himself the dean of competitors in this small elite, Brigadier General Humberto Mariles of Mexico. On the opening day at Harrisburg, when the teams from Canada, Ireland, England, Chile, Argentina, Mexico and the U.S. lined up in formal parade, Mariles was again there, resplendent in white jacket and gold braid, a fiery-tempered, stocky, shaven-pated bullet of a man, who rides like a lightning-crowned Jove.

The crowds know Mariles and love him. They know him from countless victories at Harrisburg and in the Garden, as well as from some spectacular defeats. They know him as an Olympic champion in 1948 and as a gallant loser four years later when a possible victory at Helsinki escaped him by an agonizing quarter of a point. They know him for his enthusiasm, his color, his blunt and forceful speech, which more than once has got him into politi-

cal trouble at home. But most of all they know him as the indomitable competitor—the man who rode here in 1955 despite the crippling pain of a fractured vertebra at the base of his spine, the man who, win or lose, has always ridden out his course until the final obstacle is cleared.

This is the Mariles of legend, who has made the horse-show ring his world. Few know him out of it, or can even imagine what his life is like out of the saddle, on foot, in his office or at home. Yet his is a rich life too, a life of children, horses, dogs, a wife as energetic as himself, a large and lively equestrian domain outside Mexico City, a life of teaching pupils old and young, of cruises large and small, of strenuous activity and ebullient relaxation—the life of a dedicated and forceful man. In the course of a recent visit to Mexico, I spent a fortnight following the general on his daily rounds. It is a strenuous life—not only the general, but his wife and his children spend most of their time on horseback—but it is an experience, an experience in living.

THE LIFE of General Mariles is centered in the western outskirts of Mexico City. Here, where the crowded dual lanes of Highway 15 lead out from Chapultepec Park toward Toluca and distant Guadalajara, are the sprawling grounds of the National Equestrian Association, a sort of super riding club which the general oversees. Behind an ancient, high wall beside the highway are 300 unpretentious stalls for nearly as many horses. Across the road, in buildings considerably more imposing,

are a dormitory for foreign visitors and students (it used to house the general's crack cavalry officers) and a casino complete with restaurant, bar, lounge, billiard and ping-pong rooms. Near the gateway to the road is the general's office, a small building where formerly he presided as an officer over cavalry affairs, now as a civilian over a civilian school.

But the most imposing part of the equestrian plant is its most important section: a huge ring forming a polo field, containing almost every conceivable type of obstacle that a horse could encounter in a show ring. It is complete with a grandstand and lights for night riding. On its outside perimeter are solid fences of all sorts and sizes, and beyond them still another outside course runs over rough terrain. A smaller ring, also well equipped with solid fences, rounds out an establishment that would set any horseman's heart to skipping.

Some 10 minutes away, in the suburb of Chapultepec, is the general's home, a modern, one-story house and garden. Workmen were busy on it when we arrived near noon of a hot and sunny day, putting up a new roof, adding a wing. Already the general had put in the equivalent of a full day's work for any average man—a couple of hours of methodical schooling of his horses over varied courses in the early morning, a brisk but thorough inspection tour of other horses in the stalls, a fast 45 minutes in his office dealing with correspondence, visitors, accounts and future schedules, a quick trip back to the course for more schooling with Chihua-



THE GENERAL AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE THROUGH A HAIL OVER A TRIPLE BAR OBSTACLE DURING A SCHOOLING SESSION IN MEXICO

hus II, his current favorite mount. Now he was relaxing before lunch, thrown back in his chair, feet spread before him, oblivious to workmen, children, servants and all the other tumult of his lively home.

"When you are young," he said, "as I was when I first came to the U.S., you ride with your heart. Then around 30 you start riding with your intellect. I am 43, almost 44. I have been riding for 30 years. Perhaps soon I should retire. The French have a saying, 'He paused, searching for the translation. "It goes something like this: 'A man only begins to understand riding when it is time for him to stop.' That is true—but," he continued, "I am also sure that once a horseman stops competing, he stops learning. It is the end of the book."

For Mariles, the book began when he was 12—and its first page was a story of rebellion. The son of an army colonel, he joined some students in his na-

tive state of Chihuahua in a strike against the government which had closed the schools preparatory to a reorganization of the nation's school system. Mariles' *padre* found his son's protest against organized authority not only contrary to his own beliefs but downright dangerous in those revolutionary times, and he hustled young Humberto off to the army for discipline and security.

"At first," the general recalled, "I hated it. I had never before been away from my mother and every night I cried. Then I started working with the horses. When my father, thinking I had probably learned my lesson, came to take me home, I wouldn't leave. I knew by then that I wanted to stay with the army and be with horses for the rest of my life."

The general paused and glanced at the trophies that ranged the walls from floor to ceiling. "Things were very different then," he continued. "There was

little formal instruction. Then, in 1926, in my first year with the army, General Amaro, the war secretary, decided that the standards of the cavalry should be improved. He sent officers to Europe to study for a year or two in all the well-known centers of riding—Italy, France, Spain, Germany." He waved his hand at the trophies from all these countries on the walls around. "The heart of General Amaro was in the right place, but, naturally, each officer came back with a different set of ideas. Wherever I went in the next few years I was told something different—it was an equestrian Tower of Babel!

"And look what happened?" he continued in exasperation. "The three Mexican riders on the Prix des Nations team who were sent to the Olympics in Los Angeles in 1932—well, two of them were out at the first fence and the third went out at the second! The whole

continued



TOKENS OF TRIUMPH crowd Mariles family as the general, his wife and daughters Vicky (third from right), Patty and Alicia relax before lunch in their Mexico City home.

REBEL ON HORSEBACK

continued

world was laughing at Mexico! I don't care where you send your men to learn, but they must all learn one single set of principles, one doctrine, even if it comes from China!" He waved his fist in eloquent determination.

The door burst open and a Weimaraner ran in, energetically wagging its rear end. "This is Henry," the general explained. "He was given to me by a friend in Harrisburg. *Sólo para mí*," he ordered. Henry continued panting happily with his head on the general's knee. "Well," Mariles went on, "in 1936, when General Avila Camacho was Undersecretary of War, he sent me along to Berlin as an Olympic observer. I decided that a composite of the various styles, based mainly on the Polish and German, would be best suited to Mexico. General Camacho thought I was right. Many others thought I was crazy. But Camacho never doubted me, and when in 1940 he became President, he ordered me, yes, ordered me put in charge of Mexican riding."

By that time Mariles was already making a name for himself in the international horse-show world. His first appearance in New York, in 1939, for example, turned out to be a moment with dramatic consequences not only for international riding but for Mariles himself. "I was only a captain in the cavalry then," he recalled, "and I had been

working with a little horse named Resorte. He was almost a pony, so small"—he indicated the height with his hands—"and he was so scrubby-looking that my commanding officer refused to let me bring him to New York. He was afraid it would be bad for Mexican prestige. As an army officer, I had to follow his orders; as a horseman, I thought differently. I smuggled Resorte onto the train along with the other horses.

"When I got to New York, there was a telegram for me from my commander. He was very angry; he warned me that I would answer to him for my disobedience when I returned. For me, this New York jumping was a matter of win or be court-martialed." A happy grin spread slowly over the general's face as he savored once more the tension of that ride. "The first event in my New

York horse show was the Bowman Cup. There were 46 horses entered; 43 competed. Resorte was the only one to make the course without a fault. The next day I had another telegram from my commander. This time he congratulated me.

"I rode Resorte for many years," the general went on. "A story grew up about how I found this horse, a sort of legend—how he came out of the herd one day and put his head against my cheek." He smiled. "Very nice, and I probably told it once myself. But to tell the truth, he did come out of the herd, but not to kiss me. He came because I got so mad at his bad behavior that I threw a rock at him. I hit him, too—and he jumped right over the corral fence. That fence was 6 feet high, and I knew I had a jumper.

"Resorte died just a few months ago—he was 31 years old. He was a great horse." The door opened and Alicia Mariles, the general's vivacious, dark-haired wife, came in with a pre-lunchcocktail. A horsemanahip teacher, too, she was still in her riding clothes. He waved a greeting to her. "I will tell you something," he went on, inspired by a sudden idea. "A good horse is more difficult to find than a good wife! I am a fortunate man. I have had both"—he smiled at Mrs. Mariles—"and besides little Resorte I have had Arete, who had only one eye, and now Chihuahua 11. So many riders, you know, never get to ride even one great horse. Not even one!" He waved a forefinger.

"Arete was killed jumping," he continued. "But Chihuahua 11—he is still young, and he is the best of all. You know why he is so good? It is because he is a coward. He hates to hurt himself. He took 67 fences at Harrisburg last year before he touched one!"

It was time for lunch now, a fact which was announced by the lively entry of the general's three daughters,

text continued on page 51

DOWN GOES CHA-CHA-CHA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALT WIGGINS

In the slatted and etched ground around the National Equestrian Association, pupils of General Humberto Mariles find the severest tests which horse and rider can encounter. "I take them to all sorts of different places," the general says, "and as they become more advanced the terrain is made more difficult. Some of them cry when I tell them it is too soon for them to go cross-country. They are so eager they

want to jump their horses over the moon in less than a month. But when I finally tell them they are ready, they believe in me; they know I won't ask them to do anything they are not able to do. So when I tell them to do it, they are not afraid." On the opposite page, and on the three pages following, Adalina (Cha-cha-cha) Manero, one of the general's students, vividly illustrates the truth of what he says.









REBEL ON HORSEBACK

continued

Vicky, aged 15, Alicia, the 11-year-old who is nicknamed La Gorda (The Plump One), and Patty, 7 (their 17-year-old brother, Humberto, was away at military school). The general followed them into the dining room. There was an expectant wait as he strode to the head of the table and took his seat. With that, activity commenced.

Henry the Weimaraner, banned from the room by Patty, pushed the door open tentatively, spied his master and bounded to the safety of his side. Patty, with a scolding look at Henry, hurried up to fill the general's glass with milk. The general fed Henry a banana. "I'm not eating much," he explained. "I never do before I ride." He bit on a *tortilla*. "The Mexicans," he went on, "are almost the only ones of the international teams who do not eat before they ride." La Gorda and Vicky left their places to fetch from the sideboard some scale-model obstacles they planned to use as a centerpiece for the forthcoming Equestrian Ball. The general studied them critically, then announced his approval. "The Americans," he picked up his thought again, "get indigestion for a different reason." A maid appeared with a tray which was set down in the center of the table. The general fed Henry a *tortilla*. "They have read so much," he went on, "about so many different styles that they cannot digest it all." Patty brought her father a platter of poached eggs. He kissed her on the cheek. Henry put a paw on the table and was roundly denounced for his bad manners. Conversation flew. The general mopped up his eggs with another *tortilla*. "Down, Henry!" he shouted. Outside, sudden thunder rolled.

"Good Lord!" Mrs. Mariles gasped. "What is going to happen to the ceilings? We have no roof. . . ." The general calmly continued his dissertation on the American situation. "In no other country," he said, "are there so many fine horses—the best in the world—but there is no central school—everyone is so busy trying to make money that they will not spare the time and effort to train the horses and riders. . . ." Thunder crashed again, followed by the snare-drum tattoo of a downpour. A servant rushed by, carrying a pail and mop. "It is raining into the bathroom!" she cried. Mrs. Mariles exclaimed in despair and, pushing back from the table, issued rapid commands. The general and the children scurried

about the room snatching trophies from the walls. Plink, plink! The drops were already falling in the dining room. Plink, pping, ping! They fell into the silver cups and bowls. The general stared in exasperation at the widening cracks in the ceiling. There was a crash of thunder, then a crash of plaster as a spot gave way. Lunch was over.

POLITICALLY, the strongest friend Humberto Mariles ever had was Avila Camacho, the man who, as Undersecretary of War, recognized Mariles' abilities and subsequently, as President, saw his judgment confirmed when Mexico became a topflight power in the horshow world. Under Camacho, Mariles founded the equestrian school for army officers, whose international success was climaxed by the great Olympic victory of 1948 in England. That victory made Mariles a national hero. When Miguel Aleman became President in 1946, Mariles continued to enjoy the benefits of favor in high places; as an admirer and close friend, Aleman, too, gave him virtually free rein. But under President Ruiz Cortines, elected in 1952, things have been different. No horseman, Cortines had little interest in the development of Mexican equestrianism, which was Mariles' passion. As long as Avila Camacho was alive, however, the general was still assured of an influential voice in high official quarters. Then, one day in October 1953, Avila Camacho died.

In less than a year, Mariles' laboriously constructed equestrian empire crumbled and disappeared. The army jumping team was disbanded. Mariles himself was transferred from the cavalry to a meaningless job. Mexico went unrepresented in the 1956 Olympics in Stockholm, and it was only by a last-minute effort that the general was able to bring a scratch team, mounted on his own personal horses, to Harrisburg, New York and Toronto last year (SI, Nov. 12, 1956). This year, too, the general remained in a military limbo, but he managed to stay in Mexico City and on horseback. And as technical director of the civilian-run National Equestrian Association, he won a quite different kind of recognition in his chosen field. By this summer, his children's classes were drawing pupils to the riding club near Chapultepec from all over the country.

It was with one of these classes, later that day, that we were riding home, following an afternoon on the outside course of the school.

"I prefer to work with children now," the general was saying. "They are not

afraid and they learn so much faster." He dropped to the rear as the group strung out in the rough terrain approaching the highway. "There is no fox hunting here, so children do not have the chance to follow the hounds, jumping anything that comes along. Instead, we organize cross-country rides" (opposite).

Suddenly his attention was attracted by one of the club members riding in the nearby ring. "No! No!" he roared, "not that way!" Abandoning his children's class, he galloped alongside the boy. "What makes you think you are a horseman? See!" He motioned to his back. "Watch me—like this?" He moved his horse into a slow gallop, slowly circling the rider. "Now make yourself heavy in the saddle as you approach the fence. . . . take the movement in your thighs, in the small of your back. . . . in your shoulders. . . . urge the horse with your legs, not with a whip. No wonder he refused!" He changed his horse's direction and sent him toward the fence. "Now!" he shouted, "arch your back, lift your chin—you are light in the saddle. . . . you can get out of it when you jump. See? Now you try it." The boy circled his horse around and put him over the fence. "Again!" shouted Mariles. "Another time! Again!" After some 10 successful jumps Mariles allowed horse and rider to stop. "Let him walk a bit," he granted. "Next time, your horse will know that fence and you will know how to make him take it." He rode back to his class.

The riders, relaxed and chatting, were just starting through a gap in a hedge, the horses with ears pricked in eager anticipation of the barn. Mariles' daughter La Gorda was in the midst of them, happy as the rest at a good day's work well done. Suddenly her horse, 14 de Agosto, in an access of playfulness, whinnied, tucked his head between his legs and bucked. La Gorda was thrown downhill, hard.

The general was by her side in an instant. Before his horse had slid to a stop he was on the ground and kneeling. "Move your arms, Gordita!" he commanded gently. The child raised them up and down. "Now your legs!" She bent one, then the other. "Now sit up!" La Gorda rose and buried her head, sobbing, against her father's shoulder. The general patted her back consolingly. Patty, her youngest sister and another member of the class, slid off her horse and put her arm around her. "¿Te duele mucho?" she inquired. "Does it hurt badly?" La Gorda nodded and

continued

REBEL ON HORSEBACK

continued

rubbed her head. Patty stepped back to examine her older sister critically. "She's not hurt!" she announced. The general clucked reprovingly.

"I think maybe her pride hurts her more than her head," he said. "This is the third time this horse has thrown her." La Gorda began to cry again. "My head!" she sobbed, rubbing her forehead. Patty again looked at her with suspicion. "But you landed on your back!" she said. La Gorda sobbed louder. "We will take her to the clinic," said the general.

Phone calls were made, cars summoned. Vicky, back from the barns, also arrived. She, too, stared at her sister suspiciously but put her arm around her nonetheless and cushioned her head against her shoulder as they drove. The little procession entered the hospital, was ushered past roomfuls of waiting patients and into the X-ray cubicle.

La Gorda climbed to the table and loosened her waist-length hair. Her sisters started carefully picking the grass and straw from the thick blonde tresses while the general patted her shoulder consolingly. "She isn't hurt!" said Patty again. "She just wants a Lambretta motor scooter like Vicky's!" La Gorda burst out sobbing again.

"There, there," said the general. "Did the horse really hurt you?" La Gorda nodded vehemently and whispered into her father's ear. "We'll see, we'll see," he said.

"I told you," said Patty triumphantly. "She wants a Lambretta like Vicky's." "We'll see," said the general, with a smile. The doctor came in. Crisp and jaunty, he shook hands with the general and the children, then went to work with his equipment.

Ten minutes later, he was back. The general still stood quietly stroking La Gorda's hair as she continued to sob weakly. The doctor waved the X-ray plates. "Absolutely nothing here!" he announced happily. "She is only in a mild state of shock. Let her rest a few days to make sure—but nothing seems wrong." Mariles clapped the doctor on the back. The doctor produced a framed photograph. "See, *mi general*, I used to ride too." He handed the picture to the general. Mariles studied it. "You were very good," he said graciously. "Your legs are just a little too far back, but you were not bad at all."

A gentle snore came from the couch. La Gorda, exhausted, had fallen asleep. The doctor winked at the general. "She

was not hurt," he said. "I thought not," agreed Mariles, "but one has to be sure. She has not yet learned that a fall is no tragedy. I remember my last fall—Chihuahua put me down in Toronto at the Royal Winter Fair. I was circling the ring with the trophy I had just won when they turned the spotlight on us. Chihuahua thought it was something to jump, so he jumped. Was I surprised? There I was, sitting on the tankard, still holding that big, silver bowl!" He walked over to the sleeping La Gorda and shook her gently by the shoulder. She woke up and buried her head against his chest, sobbing again. "There, there," said the general. La Gorda raised her head and whispered lengthily in his ear. "All right," agreed the general, "all right—we'll get you one too."

LAST spring the Mexican Equestrian Federation, the actual official representative of the nation at the International Equestrian Federation congress, decided to hold five tests of its own to select a Mexican non-army team. In an atmosphere of some tension, alert for any signs of unfavorable government reaction, the trials were held. Mariles entered, won and was appointed captain of the team.

With an entire summer to practice in, the general was ebullient about the prospects for putting on a worthy show north of the border this fall. He showed his confidence when, later that evening, he arrived with his family at the club casino, laden down with movie projection equipment and reels of film, to show and explain some of the victories of former years. "You may learn a good deal about jumping from these films," he said. "I always have. And I have shown them many times to the members of my team this past summer as we trained. We have trained hard, and I think we will do well. Anyway," he added defiantly with a gesture that included all forms of higher authority which sought to keep him out of competition, "we will show them! They may have the power, but I have the heart, and they cannot break it!"

The screen was set up, the first reel threaded in, the lights dimmed. "Now," said the general, "we will look at what we have here. I study these films. I learn my mistakes and I analyze the different styles of riding. I changed my ideas on balance after watching movies of my daughter Vicky riding when she was 5 years old." He clicked the projector's switch. Nothing happened. He fiddled some wires and peered at the interior. He flicked the

switch again. Nothing happened. Mariles turned away from the machine in disgust. "Wait, Humberto! called his wife. She inspected the projector and pushed at a plug. The machine started.

"This movie," Mariles explained, his good humor restored, "was taken in Rome in 1948. Ha!" he shouted, "There goes Raimondo D'Inzio. Look at his elbows—now remember and watch how much better he is four years later—he became one of Europe's great riders. But that year when I was in Rome one of the officers told me that I was the only one that really rode in the Italian style."

The film whirled on as riders from assorted countries appeared. "Now this is me on Arete," he continued. "Watch my legs—my stirrup is longer—the center of balance different. This way I can use my legs to help the horse, both on the take-off and landing." The film ended with a Mariles victory. "The saddle," he said as he readied the next reel, "is extremely important. In fact, I have designed my own saddle, and now people are writing to me from all over the world, asking how they can get one. My saddle is short from pommel to cantle, and deep. This way one has the most contact with the thighs—and therefore better balance and security."

Now the family settled deeper into their chairs, obviously expert. They knew what was coming—the film of the general's Olympic victory in 1948. "Here first is a Chilean," Mariles announced. "They believe that the rider's body should be parallel with the horse's neck. That is why they always fall off when there is any trouble. They are not deep in the saddle, so it is not a secure seat." Several other riders made the course, drawing praise or criticism from the general. "Ha! Here come the Russians!" he exclaimed. "The Americans would like this film . . . all three riders fall off." There was a silence while the Russians made their appearance and fell off. "Now," said the general, "here I come. . . ." His family drew in its breath as though truly unaware of the final outcome.

"See," Mariles continued, leaning forward earnestly. "I headed for the center of that obstacle. It looks bad, but if you aimed there it wasn't. Many riders did not realize that. Now this next one—it is harder than it looks—parallel bars always are. Now here comes the last one." It was a brick wall, 6 feet high. Arete skimmed over. There was a general expulsion of breath. The film's remaining footage was devoted to the pomp and circumstance that come with a great triumph.

Mariles was equally eager to show a film in which he was not the hero, but the reel taken at Helsinki was run in an atmosphere of anticlimax. "Now there goes Llewellyn," explained the general, completely absorbed. "He is England's best rider. He won. I do not care for his style, however." He watched several more round the course. "Now here is Pat Smythe—she is very, very good. I prefer the way she rides; in fact, she is among the world's best 10 riders." A Russian ruler appeared. "See, they have improved, but they still have a long way to go . . . Now, here I am on Petrolero. Watch!" he announced objectively. "In a few seconds you will see where I lost the Olympics."

Petrolero was obviously making a good round. He leaped the penultimate obstacle, rounded a turn—and slipped. Mariles slowed the film. "See! It was the easiest fence on the course but I couldn't get him back in stride." In slow motion, after the horse had landed, the bar comes tumbling down. The family sighed.

But the general, keeping the film in slow motion, was already absorbed in

the next horse. "Now look," he continued. "Watch the horses when they jump. See how they change stride and get both hind feet on the ground to make the leap. I find that in the States many riders—even experienced horse-men—do not know this. They think a jump is just a part of the gallop stride. Now see how they land—always one foot only on the ground first. Then a split second later the other foot lands. That is why a rider must be balanced and ready to help a horse here."

The film flickered to an end and Alicia Mariles snapped on the lights. "It is enough for tonight, I think," she said. "We have many more—Spain, Argentina, France, the U.S., the Pan-American Games. We learn so much from these." Mariles stretched and patted Vicky on the head. "Yes," he agreed, "soon Vicky will be ready—I have written Prince Bernhard, the president of the Fédération Equestre Internationale, and have asked permission for Vicky to compete before she is 18. He has given his permission, and next year, with good luck and if she is riding well, she might represent Mexico with the team in the Garden. Then

I will retire and she must try to better my record."

He rose slowly from his chair and began packing up the projector, screen and reels. "You will see," he said. "I know that this year we are facing the toughest competition we have had since the 1952 Olympics. But we may even have some surprises this year. Maybe we don't always win, but we never disgrace the country. Once you are among the top 10, winning and losing are part of the breaks of the game. But when they disbanded the team," he went on, his voice rising in anger, "that was not part of the game!" He pounded one fist into another. "And then we rused the money ourselves to send a team to the Olympics and they would not let us go! They made us give it back." A flash of his former anger returned. "People said I should go to the government and apologize and they would let me form my old team again. Apologize? Why should I bow? If I am going to be kicked in the tail," said General Humberto Mariles with a growl, "it will be when I am standing up straight, not when I am bending over!"

(END)



YOUNG HOPE VICKY MARILES, HER EXACTING FATHER'S STAR PUPIL, EXHIBITS FORM SHE MAY SHOW IN THE U.S. AND CANADA NEXT YEAR

WHO WILL WIN THE



THE BEAUTY EXPERT?

Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, founder and president of Elizabeth Arden, owner of Muine Chance Farm, sends out Jewel's Reward who, after winning The Champagne, is sure to start The Garden State favorite. Willie Shoemaker rides the winner of four of 10 starts in his quest to nail down the 2-year-old championship.



THE SPORTSWOMAN?

Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps, with one ace in Bold Ruler, goes after this big one with a chestnut colt, Misty Flight. Second in both The Futurity and Champagne, the Wheatley Stables entry, a brother of Misty Morn, is bred for distance and should relish this run of a mile and a sixteenth with Eddie Arcaro.



THE CLOTHING MAKER?

Harry Z. Isaacs, whose Brookfield Farms will be represented by Isenda, has traditionally started the names of his horses with the letter I. He is a successful clothing manufacturer in Baltimore, but his colt, although having won over some of Saturday's fees, will probably be one of the long shots in this better-than-average field.



THE KENTUCKY BREEDER?

A. B. (Bull) Hancock, here with \$750,000 stallion Tulyar, of which he is part owner, once negotiated the purchase of Nashua for Claiborne Farm. Now he sends another son of Nasrullah out for big money. His colt Nadir can run like the wind when he wants to, but he can also balk like an unruly child. His best effort could win this one.

THE TOBACCO FARMER?

R. D. Presitt, a Lexington, Ky. farmer who raises sheep, tobacco, cattle and horses, tried to sell Terra Firma for \$10,000 a year ago but, when no takers showed up, he kept the colt to race himself. And so far Terra Firma has won five of 12 races and earned \$38,485. Although he is a game colt with a fine disposition, this son of Ky. Colonel may find the distance too long.



\$149,734?

When the Garden State test for two-year-olds is run off this Saturday in New Jersey, the wheel of fortune may point out the 1957 champion; it will send one of these hopeful owners home with the year's biggest haul in prize money



THE BOOT MANUFACTURER?

George Lewis, co-owner with his wife of the California entry of Music Man Fox and Martin Rullah, is a native of Baltimore who also owns plastic over-shoe factories in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. His colts, named for friends, earned a few friends of their own last week by winning both ends of the tough trial over the track.



THE STEEPLECHASE FAN?

Mrs. Marion duPont Scott, who is one of the most admired supporters of American jump racing, will have her Montpelier colors carried by Nala. The colt, another son of Nasrullah, has been in the money in six of his nine starts. His dam is the great brood mare Aeris who has also produced Neji, one of the finer steeplechasers of all time.



THE RACING EXECUTIVE?

William duPont Jr.'s Rose Trellis, a gelded son of Heliopolis, will carry the familiar blue-and-gold silks of the famous Delaware sportsman—founder of Delaware Park—and owner of Foscatcher Farms. Rose Trellis, who will carry well his 122 pounds, was a surprise winner of The Hopeful, but his over-all 1957 form has been inconsistent.



THE HOUSEWIFE?

Mrs. William E. Snell, owner of rank outsider My Warrior, is the wife of a Vineland, N.J. electrical contractor who was one of the original Garden State stockholders. Owners of a small breeding farm, the Snells have seen My Warrior, a gray Greek Warrior colt, win three starts, including Atlantic City's Homebred Handicap.



THE TRUCK FARMER?

Mrs. Anna Cannah, wife of a Burlington, N.J. truck farmer, Anthony Cannah, got the Bay Chance It Tony for \$2,300 at last year's Keeneland Yearling Sales. The colt has so far earned her \$17,650 in 16 races. Although fourth in last week's Garden State trial, Chance It Tony would appear to be outclassed in this high-stepping company.

Rainfair

your light-as-a-feather,
go everywhere
coat



CAMPUS

Headlamp, @ a conference, film stained
cotton gabardine, patch pockets, shirt pocket
and colored shield lining. \$23.95.

Weather never troubles the man in a RAINFAIR coat. This is the coat for brisk, bright, or rainy days. The season's favorite is Campus. There's jaunty, youthful dash in the fashionable, knee-length. You'll welcome the handsome good looks, distinctive fabrics and luxury tailoring you get only from Rainfair.

GLOBEFOOTER—Most practical raincoat!

And in Rainfair's 1980
Shrimp-derms, 100% cotton,
lined, 100% waterproof and
breathably easy to maintain!
West's duck, crabs, harden-
pool. Zipper carrying case.
\$14.75.



Rain-ignitions... Important part of every
man's wardrobe. At five stores every-
where. Write for name of nearest dealer.

Rainfair, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin



CARDS ON THE TABLE

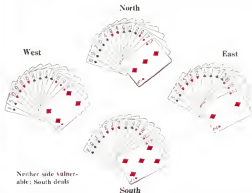
by CHARLES GOREN

LEGERDEMAIN AT THE BRIDGE TABLE

THE AIM of a magician is to distract attention with one hand from what he is doing with the other. The same technique may be employed at the card table. Here, South, the declarer, got attention centered around one suit to the complete neglect of the other.

South opened with a spade, North raised him to two, South rebid three spades and North took it to four. East and West passed each time. Opening lead: 10 of hearts.

The bidding will not draw universal approval. The first round is normal,



and South is justified in making one more try, despite his partner's indifferent response. Some would show the diamond suit in the hope that might lead to a successful no-trump contract, or at least help partner to determine whether the hand fits or not. However, South's choice on this hand turned out to be a happier one. North should really pass the three-spade bid because he has so little playing strength. But the fifth trump has a strange psychological effect on most players, though it is plain to be seen that in hands like this it is just so much surplusage.

West led the 10 of hearts. East won with the ace and returned the suit. Declarer went up with the king and immediately played the jack of hearts. It was clear that the contract was doomed to failure unless the enemy's attention could be diverted from the club suit, when the ace of trumps was driven out. So, on the jack of hearts, declarer discarded a diamond from dummy. When West took the ace of trumps he was mindful of the speed with which declarer had disposed of one of dummy's diamonds and concluded that that was the weak spot in the hand. He therefore shifted to the 10 of diamonds. This was taken by declarer with the queen. The trumps were drawn and two of dummy's clubs discarded on South's good diamonds. West had been thrown off the scent. Whether or not he should have been is another story, but South could do no more.

END



Lordly New Bottle

especially created for LORD CALVERT—one of the world's 3 great whiskies

THE inspiration for Lord Calvert's new bottle came from a 17th Century bottlemaker.

Grand. Opulent. Aristocratic. Its beauty also has a practical perfection. The slim contour fits your hand as snugly as a book.

Any bottle is finally judged by what goes

inside. Lord Calvert whiskey is a rare luxury. If every man in America were rationed to one Lord Calvert highball a year there still wouldn't be enough to go round.

Serve the American whiskey of distinction tonight. It is now a grander gesture than ever.





'FETCH, FIDO— OR ELSE!'

*If Fido is a retriever, there's no need to yell. Here
a happy owner sings praises to this educated breed*

by ED ZERN

ONE SUNDAY MORNING last September, a nice old lady took a walk along the Bronx River in Scarsdale, New York and met a grumpy middle-aged man with a large black dog. "What kind of dog is that, sir?" she asked. "It's a Labrador retriever," said the man. "What does it do?" said the lady. "It retrieves ducks," said the man. "I beg your pardon?" said the lady. "Here," said the man, "I'll show you." He commanded the dog to sit, then gave it a hand signal toward a clump of brush 100 feet down the path. The Labrador raced toward the brush, plunged into the thick of it and emerged with a plump mallard drake in his mouth, which he delivered to the man. "My goodness!" said the lady. "Does he always do that?" "No, ma'am," said the man. "Sometimes he retrieves a pheasant. Like this." He flicked his hand toward a tangle of grass on the other bank of the creek, and the dog swam the creek and dashed into the grass. In a minute he found a dead pheasant and, holding it tenderly in his mouth, he swam the creek and delivered it to the man's hand.

"Well, I declare," said the lady. "You mean that any time you want a duck or a pheasant you just send this creature out and he brings one back?" "Yes, ma'am," said the man and walked on with the dog at heel.

I know this story to be true, for the black dog was mine and the man was I. The day before I had been to a field trial of the Shrewsbury River Retriever Club in New Jersey, and after the trial (which I'm happy to report my dog's sire won) I had bought a fresh-shot pheasant and duck to use in train-

ing my young Labrador retriever to make blind retrieves. Earlier that morning I had walked down to the park alone and tossed the dead duck and pheasant into the thick cover, and the old lady met me as I was bringing the dog along the path near the hidden birds. Probably if I had breakfast I'd have explained that normally retrievers bring back pheasants and ducks only when somebody has just shot them and that they are bred and trained to work with gunners, retrieving downed birds—especially ducks, which often fall in open or running water, and pheasants, which often run long distances even when mortally wounded. (I might even have told her that my Labrador once retrieved a six-pound crown roast of lamb from somebody's back porch and that, even though we made inquiries, we never found out where it came from.)

If she'd been spoiling for a lengthy discussion I might have explained that retrievers recover tens of thousands of upland game birds that would otherwise never be found in thick cover and hundreds of thousands of wildfowl that would float away on a tide or river before the gunner could pick them up by boat or wading.

I'd have declared that as the ratio of game to gunner decreases there must be a shift of emphasis from limit bags (even reduced limit bags) to other pleasurable aspects of wing shooting—and a well-trained dog can immensely enhance the enjoyment of a day afield. The duck hunter who formerly got most of his satisfaction from difficult shots well-executed will find that a

continued

LABRADOR RETRIEVER, shown in Hy Peskin's picture carrying mallard, fetches waterfowl or upland game equally well.

RETRIEVERS

continued

good retriever beside him in the blind, or walking at heel as he jumps pothole ducks from a marsh, will add a new dimension of interest and pleasure to his sport, not merely by its enthusiasm and style in retrieving game but by providing a kind of companionship that is silent but quite real.

And I'd have pointed out that the training of his own dog is a task in which the gunner may find rewards of satisfaction that no number of dead birds in the freezer can provide.

Kinds of gun dogs

Gun dogs are of three types: bird dogs (which locate birds on the ground and point them until the hunter comes up and flushes them into the air), spaniels (which locate birds on the ground and flush them into the air whether the gunner is ready or not) and retrievers (which are generally trained to stay at heel or in the blind until ordered to retrieve a dead or wounded bird). Many bird dogs are trained to retrieve (the Brittany spaniel does so naturally), and some gunners use their retrievers to locate and flush upland game.

The Labrador retriever

Sometime during the 17th and 18th centuries, along the coast of Newfoundland, a remarkable breed of dog came into being. Its ancestors had almost certainly come from Europe and probably included the famous black hounds of St. Hubert. By 1800 two distinct types had developed: one so large and heavy it was often used to haul carts and sleds, the other smaller, smoother-coated and used by local hunters to retrieve wildfowl from the cold, rough sea and by fishermen to retrieve fish escaping from the net. (Most retrievers can be taught to retrieve a played-out trout or salmon.)

When the two types were brought to England about 1800 the smaller dog came to be known variously as the Newfoundland, the lesser Newfoundland, the St. John's dog and the Labrador. (Some authorities believe the latter two were separate types of sub-breeds.) When Colonel Peter Hawker in his *Adre to Young Sportsmen* (1814) praised the sporting qualities of the smaller dog and referred to it as the Labrador, the name stuck.

By the year 1885, the Labrador was firmly established as a sporting breed in Britain, particularly in the Border Country of Scotland. In 1904 a Labrador was entered in a field trial at Sher-

borne, England, where it won a certificate of merit, and by 1910 the breed was recognized as supreme among retrievers. The qualities which made it so were (and are) intelligence, trainability, keenness of scent, resourcefulness, speed on land and in water, courage and perseverance, a notably amiable disposition and, above all, the indescribable quality called style.

In the United States the Labrador is by far the most popular of the retrieving breeds. Until the middle '30s the Lab and the Chesapeake ran neck-and-neck in American Kennel Club registrations (126 compared to 178 in 1935), but by 1956 there were 5,510 Labradors to 803 Chesapeakes, with the golden retriever in between with 2,604 registrations.

The Chesapeake Bay retriever

The Chesapeake is another descendant of the great Newfoundland breed.

In 1807 the ship *Coxsack* rescued the crew of a sinking Newfoundland brig bound for England and landed the rescued men and two puppies at Norfolk, Virginia. These puppies became the rootstock of the Chesapeake Bay retriever, a breed renowned for toughness, courage and willingness. Probably the rescued Newfoundlands were crossed with local yellow-and-tan 'coon hounds, with perhaps a soupçon of spaniel thrown in; at any rate the Chesapeake soon became a favorite of market gunners and baymen in the region, where commercial wildfowling was big business and a good retriever was money in the bank. The baymen were ruthless in weeding out unsound or unwilling animals, until the breed was famous for ruggedness of body and mind, with a disposition somewhat less tractable than the Labrador's and a coat so thick and water-repelling that the Chesapeake can work comfortably through the worst winter weather.

Critics of the Chesapeake find them too surly to train easily and too slow-

moving in the field. But the gunner who wants a stouthearted, hard-working and virtually weatherproof retriever to share his blind or pit will insure the Chesapeake's survival so long as wildfowl fly and winters are bitter cold.

The golden retriever

About 1860 an English gentleman saw a troupe of eight taffy-colored Russian sheep dogs in a circus and was so charmed by their intelligence and friendly nature that he bought the lot. When interbreeding had caused some deterioration (and the Englishman had become Lord Tweedmouth), the dogs were trial-crossed with several other breeds. In 1870 a bloodhound cross was tried; the result was a smaller, shapelier dog with the good qualities of both sides of the family, particularly a keen nose, high intelligence, beauty of coat and conformation and a gentle, affectionate nature. It was called the golden retriever and has grown steadily in popularity since the beginning of the century (despite a few cynics who scoff at the story above as romantic puppycock and even say the golden is simply a true-breeding color variation of the black flat-coated retriever).

Retriever field trials

A Labrador retriever sits beside his handler in a field. He has been trained since puppyhood to retrieve dead and wounded ducks and pheasants. He is lured up and vibrantly eager to get to work, now that his handler has brought him up to the "line." Suddenly a wounded pheasant bursts from the tall grass a few feet from the dog and runs straight at him; the Labrador has scarcely time to seize the crippled bird in his jaws, then turn and present it alive and kicking to his handler.

This happened at a retriever field trial recently, and the Lab's reward for his quick reflex action was immediate disqualification and elimination from the contest. For, technically, the dog had "run in"—retrieved a bird without a specific command from his handler—and, except for hitting the seat out of a judge's pants or eating a retrieved bird, there are few worse crimes a field-trial retriever can commit, since he's supposed to be under his handler's control at all times after coming to the line.

Basically a field trial—both the national events and the fast-growing numbers of small, local trials—is an effort to reproduce conditions that might be found in a normal day's shooting and to judge the competing retrievers on their ability to cope with normal

RETRIEVER FIELD TRIALS FOR FALL 1957

Women's Field Trial Club, Amagansett, N.Y., October 25-27.

Swamp Dog Club, East Goshen Township, Chester County, Pa., November 1-3.

Labrador Retriever Club, Southampton, N.Y., November 8-10.

National Retriever Field Trial, Inc., U.S. Wildlife Refuge, Bombay Hook, Del., November 14-17.



GOLDEN RETRIEVER, gentlest of retriever breeds, is best for upland shooting despite long coat that picks up burrs.



CHESAPEAKE RETRIEVER, though criticized for his surly disposition, is staunch worker in freeing duckblind.

problems. Not infrequently a losing handler will complain that a test on which his dog failed had no relation to field conditions, but it's hard to imagine any field-trial test that might not be duplicated under actual hunting conditions. (In his valuable book, *Training Your Retriever*, James Lamb Free scoffs at such complainers and says, "... I feel that any retriever taking up the time of the judges in an Open All-Age Stake should be expected to do... anything but answer the telephone and take a message.")

For example, a hunter in the field might shoot three ducks as they flew through a pass and want his dog to retrieve first the one drifting away on the tide, remembering where each of the other two had fallen in dense growth and retrieving them after getting the one from the water. This condition can be easily duplicated by having three ducks shot (or three shackled live ducks tossed into the air) within the dog's view as it sits beside its handler; the judge will tell the handler which duck is to be retrieved first and will indicate when the dog is to be sent out.

It's not unusual in the field for a dog to be retrieving one pheasant from heavy cover, when another gets up, is wounded and flies two or three hundred yards to another field. Since the dog was unable to see this action the

hunter will want to direct him to the wounded bird by a simple set of hand signals. Therefore most field trials—exceptions are the Derby, Junior and Non-Winners Stakes—will include at least one "blind retrieve," in which the handler directs the dog to a distant bird by whistling him to instant attention, then sending him left, right or back until he scents and retrieves the hidden game. Here the ability of the dog to "take a line"—travel a straight line in the direction his handler points out to him until he hits the scent of the bird or is given a signal to change directions—is important.

One series at a recent eastern trial required each dog, from a point on the shore of a circular one-acre pond, to retrieve a duck floating about 20 feet out from the bank almost directly across the pond. Most of the dogs plunged straight into the water, swam across the pond, retrieved the duck and swam back with it. One Labrador, when his turn came, raced around the edge of the pond to a point opposite the duck, jumped in and retrieved it, swam back to the same point and raced back overland to its handler, making much faster time than the dogs that swam the whole way.

"Isn't that dog smarter than the others?" asked a bystander. "Didn't he bring back the duck a lot quicker?"

Wouldn't most gunners rather have that dog working for them in the field?" "That's true," said the dog's owner, a veteran of field trials, sadly, as the judges turned thumbs down on his ingenious animal. "But if you were the judge, you'd vote for the dog that hit the water with a grand splash and took a straight, brave line to the bird. And dammit, so would I."

Most of the dogs at top field trials today are entered by wealthy amateur breeders, many with extensive kennels and professional trainers and handlers. Yet it's possible for the sportsman of moderate means to invest in one good young Labrador or golden, train it himself, kennel it in the house, handle it himself at trials and even see it become a Field Trial Champion. He can get all the sound training advice he needs from the James Lamb Free book or from P.R.A. Moxon's *Gundogs: Training and Field Trials*. The former is a real boon to the novice trainer, and the latter (*Popular Dogs Publishing Co., Ltd., 1952*) is also excellent. And don't think that women won't find training a retriever rewarding, either. A number of them have distinguished themselves as field-trial handlers, particularly... say, whatever happened to that nice old lady? She was last seen going which way? Like a hat out of where? Oh.

(FWD)



SHOOTING JACKET (\$30, Bob Allen Sportswear), insulated with Ny-Lon, provides warmth without weight for Courtland McDermott, a guide at Long Island's Suffolk Lodge Game Preserve.

SPORTING LOOK

Warmth

Foam and fibers now do for man what fur and feathers do for beast and fowl—insulate him against the roughest winter's day

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK



ALL-PURPOSE JACKET (\$25, Budd Insulated) and pants (\$20) are lined with Temp-Ton, an insulating layer of wool, acetate and Dacron which maintains body heat comfortably at 70° above or 10° below.



ALL-RED OUTFIT, the "Western Field" is of water-repellent nylon-and-cotton poplin, insulated with Dacron-fiber fill. The jacket (\$29) has game pocket, and the trousers knit bottoms (\$18, both Eugene Union).



COLD-WEATHER JACKET (\$35, Thermorama) is waterproofed on the outside with Syl-mex, neoprene-treated on inside, lined with a quilting of Orlon and acetate, for heat retention and weather protection.

Without Weight

THE MOST COMFORTABLE MAN in frosted field or iced-in duckblind this winter will no longer, of necessity, be a man swathed in a cumbersome layer of heavy woolen clothing, electric socks plugged in, hand warmers aglow. He'll be the properly (and lightly) insulated man. For manufacturers of protective cold-weather clothing have now, with the aid of Government experiments in Korea and the antarctic, begun to practice a theory demonstrated in nature by animals and birds since fur and feathers first grew—that trapped air cells offer the best insulation against extremes of temperature. The new insulated clothes are the best news in the sporting goods stores this winter. Although

they employ various methods of achieving their purpose, they all have the same one—to keep a layer of air cells between skin and outside cold. To do this, there are many new products available. Brand & Oppenheimer's Fahrenheit, U.S. Rubber's Insulair, Curtiss-Wright's Curen are all plastic-like substances similar to thin layers of foam rubber, containing locked-in air cells. Quilted linings of Acrilan-fiber fill and Dacron-fiber fill and of fiber blends such as Temp-Tren and Ny-Len perform the same function. When outdoor garments, such as these shown here, are insulated with them, they bring a whole new world of comfort, of warmth without bulk or weight, to the winter sportsman.



QUILTED UNDERWEAR (\$40, Refriger-Wear) locks Dacron fibers between layers of nylon—can be worn under lightest of outer garments. Rubber boot socks are insulated with foam (\$3.75, Abercrombie & Fitch).

HUNTING SUIT (\$62, U.S. Rubber) is in new safety-yellow poplin, lined with Insulair. It has action-free sleeves, detachable hood, zippered, waterproofed game pocket. Plaid wool shirts are by Bloch-Heller.

REVERSIBLE JACKET (\$18, A. Berfin) of red and gray, and red shooting trousers (\$15, National Pants Co.) are lined with Fahrenheit, a urethane-foam insulating material. Both garments are water-repellent.

BONNIE PRUDDEN

16

The tiger stretch makes you supple and graceful

The tiger stretch, as demonstrated here by Bonnie Prudden, is an exercise that will strengthen and stretch muscles in the torso, the legs and the arms. The sinuous and feline movement will make you supple and graceful whether you are walking across a room or swinging at a golf ball. It looks complicated, but actually the phases are natural and relatively simple. Now that you're beginning the 12th week of your exercise program, you should be able to do this easily.

A Kneel with knees apart and hold your weight as close to your heels as possible while you stretch your arms forward as far as you can.



B Bend your elbows and transfer your weight to your hands as you thrust your body forward while keeping chin just above the floor.



C Straighten elbows, round your back and, while holding your abdominal muscles tight, return to position A. Repeat this five times.





A part of life

Gary Cooper

Two-time Academy Award winner — for "Sgt. York" and "High Noon" — Cooper is the son of a Montana Supreme Court Justice. He was educated in England and at Grinnell College in Iowa. One of the screen's most versatile actors, he has not only won fame as an outdoor hero, but also in white-tie-and-tails and period costume roles. (And in the famous No. 4 uniform of Lou Gehrig, in "Pride of the Yankees," as well.) Cooper is currently starring in "Man of the West", a Mirisch Company Production for United Artists release.

Funny, before my marriage I wasn't too interested in sports. As a kid in Montana, of course, there was riding on the ranch, hunting off the back porch and fishing. But in my early days in Hollywood, I played outdoor roles and was an indoor guy.

Then I met my wife Rocky. She loved sports. Tennis and swimming and sket. And she taught me that I was missing a part of my life. Since our marriage in 1933, we've kept a kind of balance — so much time for work, so much for pleasure, so much for sports.

Maria came along and learned to swim by the time she could walk. We kept trying new things. The three of us went bowling. We took up golf.

Sometimes I get away from the women to do a little bird shooting. But generally what we do we do together. I don't know what would happen if we were sentenced to stay permanently indoors.

Lately we've been fascinated by Scuba (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus) diving. Last summer in the Mediterranean we swam through those clear waters amid wrecks of ancient ships, finding bits of Roman jugs and pottery dating back to 200 B.C. It's a different world down there among the fish.

Naturally because we love sports, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is important around our house. You stand in line to see it. And I'm usually third in line. That's a part of my life too.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED · AMERICA'S NATIONAL SPORTS WEEKLY

It's Lamplighter Time...

"as dry as you can buy"



LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 54 PROOF,
IMPORTED BY NICHOLSON & BODDEN, INC., N.Y., N.Y.

TIP FROM THE TOP



from **BILLY BURKE**
The Country Club, Ireland

FOR ALL GOLFERS EXCEPT LOW-HANDICAP PLAYERS

When I am helping a golfer who is having trouble with his swing, I often advise him to practice swinging while standing with his back about 18 inches from a wall. You will find that when you swing back and do not hit the wall, it is virtually impossible to fall into the common error golfers make on the backswing. Your left shoulder will have to stay down and can't roll up and over. The club head will move backward in a rising arc. At the end of the backswing, it will be pointing in the direction of the target, and its face will not be open. However, if you drop the club on the backswing so that the club is lowered toward the right shoulder, the club head will hit the wall, and this will inform you that you have swung back incorrectly.

Next try facing the wall, spotting the club head about an inch from it. When you practice swinging in this position it will help you to correct errors in the forward part of your swing. It will make you keep the left shoulder down and under. If you don't, again the club head will hit the wall. As you swing facing the wall, you will find that you will use your left hand as a pull-down for power instead of using only your right hand and right shoulder, a fault which makes you hit over the ball. If the left hand is pulling down, the right will follow naturally, adding power. Golf is a two-handed game, but the left hand dominates. The right hand helps it.



NEXT WEEK: JOE LA MACHIA ON ROTATION

HOCKEY

(continued from page 31)

was 439,719. For the 1954-55 season, the Garden claimed 313,026, whereas NHL headquarters said it was 235,900. Despite these discrepancies, the NHL table does show the trend around the league:

Club	1954-55	1955-56	Best Season
Boston Bruins	290,908	298,008	382,738 (1946-47)
Chicago Black Hawks	140,000	140,000	500,481 (1946-47)
Detroit Red Wings	376,718	354,000	370,750 (1954-55)
Montreal Canadiens	495,000	500,000	584,451 (1953-54)
New York Rangers	345,908	359,000	429,127 (1946-47)
Toronto Maple Leafs	480,908	467,000	477,773 (1949-50)

Because of the NHL's peculiar setup, it is sometimes called the Norris House League, and there's more truth than impudence in this piece of flippancy. As we have noted, the Norris interests own two of the six NHL franchises outright and have heavy holdings in a third, a situation which virtually gives them control of the league. Jim Norris is chairman of the board of the Chicago Black Hawks. His brother, Bruce, is listed as president of the Detroit Red Wings. His sisters, Eleanor and Marguerite, are co-owners with Bruce. The family owns a controlling interest in the Madison Square Garden Corporation, which operates the New York Rangers, so that this club also is a Norris enterprise. When the Norris interests took over control of Madison Square Garden in 1955, with Jim as president, he appointed General John Reid Kilpatrick president of the Rangers as a concession to public opinion (something which rarely bothers Jim much). The three Norris clubs swap players as needed, in odd or on lots, without giving the matter a second thought (see back).

With three of the six votes on the NHL Board of Governors, the Norris family runs things in the league, a custom established by the ruggedly individualistic founder of the dynasty, James Norris the Elder. The white-haired multimillionaire, who made a good portion of his fortune in the Chicago wheat market, was a hockey player in his youth at McGill University and remained an ardent fan up to the time of his death. Sometimes he forgot that he was also an owner, as was the case one night in 1939 at the Chicago Stadium when he rode Referee Bill Stewart unmercifully from rinkside until Stewart in exasperation skated up alongside his box and said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for such conduct."

"I'm going to turn you in for this

and have you fired," roared Norris. "Do as you please," retorted Stewart quietly, "but you can't referee from the box while I'm working."

The NHL took Stewart off the ice shortly after this but never would admit that it was because of Norris' complaint. The Board of Governors knew who was boss if Stewart didn't. The elder Norris demonstrated his power in another way in 1952, when Cleveland attempted to enter a team in the league. Norris was against it—and demanded that the sponsors prove their solvency by getting up \$425,652.12. They got it up, but were still rejected when Norris persuaded the Board of Governors that part of the sum was "gambling money."

National Hockey League chief executives are chosen for their meekness in the face of authority. Clarence S.

SOME DEALS IN THE NORRIS HOUSE LEAGUE

The teams owned or controlled by the Norris interests have a cozy system of interchanging players. Herewith a few examples: Rangers traded Forward Ron Murphy to Black Hawks for Forward Hank Ciesla in 1957; Red Wings traded Goalie Glen Hall and Forward Ted Lindsay to Black Hawks last summer for Forwards John Wilson and Forbes Kennedy, plus some amateurs and cash; Rangers traded Defenseman Wally Hergesheimer to Black Hawks for George Sullivan in 1956; Black Hawks traded Tony Leswick to Red Wings in 1955; Red Wings traded Forwards Glen Skov and John Wilson to the Black Hawks for Metro Pivota in 1955; Rangers traded Hookies Billy Den and Adolph Kukulowicz to Red Wings for Bronco Horroath and Dave Crighton in 1955; Rangers traded Defenseman Allan Stanley and Forward Nick Mikowski to Black Hawks for Defenseman Bill Gadsby and Forward Pete Conacher in 1954; Rangers sold Forward Ike Hildebrand to Chicago in 1953; Rangers traded Wing Reggie Sinclair to Red Wings for Defenseman Leo Biese Jr. in 1952; Defenseman Rags Langlois played with the Red Wings in 1950-51 and with the Black Hawks in 1951-52; Rangers traded Tony Leswick to Detroit for Gaye Stewart in 1951; Black Hawks traded Forwards Vic Stastuk and Bert Olmstead to Red Wings for Defenseman Lee Fogelin and Forward Steve Black in 1950; and last season, the Red Wings drafted Ranger farmhand Tom McCarthy from Vancouver.

Campbell, president of the league since 1946, is a former referee who learned early in his career that if he wanted to get ahead in hockey he should never miss a magnate back. The Board of Governors, made up of a representative of each club, runs the league, usually according to plans and specifications of the Norris interests; and Mr. Campbell, who besides being league president is also the secretary-treasurer, has to do little except look respectful and nod his head in the right direction at the proper time.

Where is the NHL going from here? Perhaps to court, to answer the charges of the Players Association. However, even if their action is successful, there is little likelihood of federal antitrust prosecution. U.S. officials would hesitate to interfere with a sport that is international in character and so popular north of the border that U.S. prosecution might damage U.S.-Canadian amity.

Whatever the result of the Players Association suit, the good old status quo which has stood the NHL Board of Governors in such good stead for the past 15 years isn't likely to be much disturbed. Talk of an eight-club league is dismissed as poppycock.

"Where would we get the players?" ask the Solid Six, as if unaware of the negotiation list, the reserve clause contract, the \$15,000 draft provision and all the other gimmicks they have devised to perpetuate control of their labor market. If the NHL owners got together and spread the wealth of talent evenly among eight clubs, by sale or trade, a flexible league could be organized and a new start made from scratch. The three Norris clubs certainly follow this practice among themselves and the Board of Governors doesn't seem shocked by it.

A shorter season might allow more good players to accumulate instead of being burned out prematurely by too much hockey. The NHL has a minimum salary limit of \$7,000, which means \$100 per game. It's easy for most of the club owners to pay this, and with the prospects of big television royalties in the offing, it should be still easier.

In any case, one-family control of half the clubs in the league is a relic of sports feudalism that should be dispensed with—and the sooner the better. The professional phase of Canada's finest contribution to sport has gone a long way since it first crossed the border but, alas, mostly in the wrong direction. It's high time for it to straighten out, skate right and grow up. (C.M.)

**DONALD CAMPBELL,**

holder of the world's speedboat record of 225.64 mph, asks

THE QUESTION:

I believe a water barrier exists somewhere under 225 mph—do you?

GUY LOMBARDO



Freeport, N.Y.
Boat us out and driver

He's right. The drivers in cup races haven't reached this water barrier for two main reasons. First, it requires a straight run of about eight miles or get to top speed. Second, as boats approach this barrier, they vibrate and shudder as an airplane does when it nears the sound barrier.

GEORGE J. TRIMPER



Flagstaff, N.Y.
Past president
APBA

As of the moment, I agree. But this theoretical barrier can be consistently broken when we design boats that will hold together under the rough poundings at these high speeds. These boats will have to be strong enough to pass the barrier twice, breaking through and slowing down.

BILL MURCEY



Seattle
Winner, Gold Cup, '56,
'57 as Miss Thriftway

Miss Thriftway is capable of speeds approaching Campbell's theoretical speed barrier. We haven't exceeded it because the course is not long enough. However, with a boat properly designed and in proper trim, speeds approaching 300 or 400 are possible.

RUBY SCULL



Ventnor, N.J.
Driver

It's true that the speed of a racing boat is limited, but that's only because the propellers do not work efficiently at very high speeds. The fastest, propeller-driven boat went 178 mph, not nearly as fast as Campbell's jet-driven boat. But with redesigned propellers, we perhaps can reach 300 mph.

JOE VAN BLERCK



Freeport, N.Y.
EZ 7-Liter champion

He is wrong. There must be a water barrier somewhere, but it is much higher than 225 mph. Campbell is judging by the vibrations he feels at high speeds. However, once a boat invades through the actual barrier, there should be no vibration at all. The boat would be ahead of the shock waves.

LEE SCHOENITH



Detroit
Driver, Gale V3

I don't think a water barrier exists at all. The size of the power plant and the design and size of the hull will give you the ultimate in speed. However, a large enough body of water and the right weather are essential in order to run a boat 500 or 600 miles per hour.

ROD MUSSON



Akron
Driver and owner

I disagree most emphatically. In 1949 the speed record was 141 mph. Today it's much higher. Our best boat designers are presently working on hulls that will cut through the water at much greater speeds. They'll soon succeed in giving us boats that will consistently break 225 mph.

DANNY FOSTER



Detroit
Racing driver

Campbell is right. There is a definite barrier. I've driven about 190 mph, and I'm sure I can go faster. How much faster is questionable. At that speed the boat seems to take off, like a plane. The danger lies in plowing into a wave at that speed. Water is like a brick wall at 200 mph.

FRANK FOULKE



Essex, Md.
Essex
Tuband Racing Commission, APBA

I disagree. Sure, Cobb and Verga were killed while trying to reach this so-called barrier, but rough water or waves kicked up by other boats caused the accidents. Actually, motorboat racing is like any other speed sport. Each year speeds are higher as designs are improved.

THE READERS TAKE OVER

BRIDGE: DEAL THE CARDS,
AND FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!

Sirs:

Your statesmanlike decision to include the fascinating game of bridge among the indoor sports and carry it regularly merits our most enthusiastic plaudits.

Furthermore, your choice of Charles Goren as Athletic Director and Head Coach shows an unsurpassed sagacity. We shall now look forward even more assiduously to the arrival of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* each week.

(REV.) EDMUND P. JOYCE, C.S.C.

Executive Vice President

University of Notre Dame

South Bend, Ind.

BRIDGE: EN FAMILLE

Sirs:

This letter is written in express my delight and pleasure at the addition of Mr. Charles Goren to your writing staff. My 14-year-old son is a recent new subscriber to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and he and his father frequently discuss articles therein. Now, with the articles on bridge, it truly is a family magazine and very much in demand by the three of us as well as by neighbors and friends who want the latest bridge news by Charles Goren.

Congratulations also on the beauty of your magazine and the over-all coverage of news and articles in varied fields of sports.

MRS. JAMES W. SOUTHERLAND
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

BRIDGE: THE WORD

Sirs:

Now you come out with bridge and Mr. Goren and now our wives take the magazine to their bridge club and display it as if it were a tablet that had the 10 commandments written on it.

Gentlemen, we surrender. You are fabulous!

HERB FINK

PHIL MCCOWEN

Sarasota, Fla.

BRIDGE: BONNIE AND CHARLES

Sirs:

Your magazine is wonderful! Love the Bonnie Prudden exercises and am now fascinated with Goren on bridge! It has everything.

MRS. J. D. STEINSON COLEMAN

The Plains, Va.

BRIDGE: TESTING, TESTING

Sirs:

Your bridge test (SI, Oct. 14) was most interesting. Despite a bad bid on problem 6, I rated 33 points. However, I scored 0 for a three-diamond bid on problem 8. My bid seems reasonable after the overcall. It shows a strong diamond suit and may induce partner to contract for six diamonds or six no trump. Please give me your rating for this bid.

W. E. CURRENT

Chatham, N.J.

• Zero is about right. Partner should have about 17 points, you have nine, which makes 26 points, or not quite

enough to make game in diamonds. If you seduced partner into bidding a slam you could count on losing about 500 points.—ED.

Sirs:

One specific question about hand 3: What, if any, is the theoretical basis for Mr. Goren's rule of adding one point in evaluation of a hand containing all the aces? I realize there may be no such explanation and the rule may be based only on Mr. Goren's statistics or may be a correction for necessary crudities in evaluation.

JAMES L. FORD

Owensboro, Ky.

• Because any king in partner's hand becomes a surefire trick.—ED.

Sirs:

You tossed your admirer a foul ball on problem 8. You give no credit for a bid of three no trump, yet in the explanation say, "Even a bid of three no trump might be acceptable in view of the texture of the five-card suit." And yet you ignore this bid in the scores! My favorite hand in this group was hand 9 on which I got a complete zero. I thought it the only difficult hand, but Mr. Goren's choice is so simple and so very right.

MIMI LAWRENCE

Pittsburgh

• Miss Lawrence may give herself an additional three points.—ED.

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR
NOMINATIONS ARE OPEN (CONT.)

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Sam Hanks as Sportsman of the Year for 1937. His colorful career includes everything from midgets to stocks and championship racing, and dates back to 1913 when he began winning a reputation in the midgets. Hanks has been National Midget Champion, National Big Car Champion, winner of the 1937 Indianapolis 500-mile race, and at present is in a position to win the 1937 stock car championship.

Sam was born in Columbus, Ohio on July 14, 1914. He stands a bit over 6 feet and weighs 160 pounds. He and his wife Alice now make their home in Pacific Palisades, California. He is a shrewd businessman as well as a smooth, hard driver. His smooth manner behind a wheel, and his ability to stay out of trouble have placed him in demand as a test driver for various automotive and accessory firms.

Sam chased the 500-mile rainbow for 12 years before finally catching up with the pot of gold. It seems fitting that in his twilight years of racing, after having won everything else in auto racing, Sam should close his career with the big one. All the years of experience, heartbreak and disappointment paid off in one brilliant ride in which Sam set a record average of 135-plus mph.

LEWIS E. WALBRIDGE

Haverhill, Mass.

continued

Look for the Acrilan®
advertisement inside
the front cover
of this magazine

THEN LOOK FOR

ESQUIRE

SPORTSWEAR SLACKS

OF ACRILAN® BLENDS HERE

Albany, N. Y.	McMurry & Boley
Albany, Pa.	Brett & Inc.
Anderson, Ind.	Clair Call
Augusta, Ga.	J. H. White & Co.
Austin, Texas	Joanna Men's Wear
Baltimore, Md.	R. Kato and Sons
Birmingham, Ark.	Herb's Men's Store
Buffalo, N. Y.	Joanna Men's Store
Butler, Pa.	Victor's
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill.	M. L. Rochester
Cleveland, Ohio	The Star Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Bushell's
Dallas, Texas	James S. Wilson
Dayton, Ohio	Shubert's
Des Moines, Iowa	Franklin
Detroit, Mich.	Harry Saffell
Evansville, Ind.	Safer's
El Wayne, Ind.	Meyers and McCarthy
Galveston, Texas	E. S. Levy
Green Bay, Wis.	Sturtevant
Hartford, Conn.	Dorland
Houston, Texas	Moody's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Jerome & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Reuten Store
Irma City, Iowa	Stephen's
Joliet, Ill.	National Outfitters
Kansas City, Mo.	The Leader
Kansas City, Mo.	The Tailor Club Co.
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's Inc.
Lafayette, La.	Herb's Men's Store
Little Rock, Ark.	Howard John Co.
Lawrence, Mo.	Lacy Bros.
Memphis, Tenn.	Jos. H. Bell Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Wells, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	M. L. Rothchild
Moline, Ill.	Young-Gardner Co.
Muskegon, Mich.	Myer Bros.
Nashville, Tenn.	Capitol City Store
New Haven, Conn.	Besse Kieker
New Orleans, La.	Goldman
New York, N. Y.	Gilbert Hays
Norfolk, Va.	Temper's Inc.
Oakland, Calif.	Buchler & Hirschman
Omaha, Neb.	Nebaska 1st Co.
Pasadena, Pa.	Wells
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Arden Store
Phoenix, Ariz.	Harney's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Topper's
Portland, Ore.	J. W. K. & Co.
Provo, Utah	Koski's Men's Shop
Racine, Wis.	Carl & Kerk
Richmond, Va.	Harney's Men's Wear
Rochester, N. Y.	McFarland Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z. M. I.
San Antonio, Texas	Todd's
Seattle, Wash.	Ben Moore
Shreveport, La.	E. C. Olson Co.
South Bend, Ind.	Gilbert's Clothing Store
Springfield, Ill.	Myers Bros.
St. Joseph, Mo.	Lickwith's Clothing Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Greenfield Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	Maurice L. Rothchild
Terre Haute, Ind.	Carl Wolf
Texas, Texas	Clark's
Washington, D. C.	D. J. Kaufman Inc.
Wichita, Kan.	Sparks Clothing Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Frank A. Smith Co.

Also available in other fine stores throughout the country.

Acri-gab and Acri-flan slacks from \$18.95 . . . in all sizes. In Fall shades of charcoal grey, charcoal brown, navy, tan, blue and grey.

*As depicted by Chemstrand.

Esquire Sportswear Co.

200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



FASHIONABLE SCOTCH

Scotsmen describe Old Smuggler as a "fashionable Scotch." It is Scotch developed with patience and scruple—and distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavor.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF



IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

in 10-hr. endurance test at Lime Rock, Conn.

SAAB

WINS

1st, 2nd, 3rd,
4th, 6th, P.R.I.®
and

1st, 2nd, 3rd,
4th, 5th IN CLASS

Why performance
rating index

See SAAB,
the economy car from Sweden.

For nearest dealer write or phone:

SAAB Motors Inc., Exec. Office, 130 W. 57 St., N. Y., JU 6-8938

19th
HOLE continued

Sir:

I'll bet
you're set
on Lew
Burdette,
yes?

KEVIN T. McNALLY

Albertson, N.Y.

SIR:

SPIT BALL OR NO SPIT BALL YOU MUST CONSIDER BURDETTE AS SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR.

L. HERMAN
RCAF

Portage la Prairie, Man.

Sir:

After being in a close race for the halting tide all year, he separated the men from the boys during September with a tremendous finish: Ted Williams.

JOHN R. OWEN

St. Paul

• See Memo from the Publisher for seconding motion—ED.

Sir:

Because of his team spirit, his fine record and being able to take hard knocks as well as give them out, plus the fact that he is an inspiration to the youth of America, I wish to nominate Mickey Mantle.

SEE GIBB

Wethersfield, Conn.

Sir:

Since nominations are now open for Sportsman of the Year, or maybe it will be a woman, there shouldn't be any doubt in your mind about the qualifications of my nomination.

While he is the winningest football coach of recent years, this nomination is not being made with that entirely in mind.

Mr. Evanshewski to the contrary, this man makes a better person of most people who come in contact with him, including his players. Understandably, Oklahoma would give him the world, but not for his yearly accomplishments alone. Basically, his soundness of ethics, humility and common ordinary decency would go well in any field.

And so, for not doing anything more outstanding this year than he has done any other year, Bud Wilkinson should be your Sportsman of the Year. This is being written, incidentally, by one who is not an Oklahoman.

G. S. GRAHAM

Toledo

Sir:

I would like to nominate Stan Musial as the Sportsman of the Year 1957. Not only has this been another great year for the greatest baseball player of this decade, but it is generally known that Stan is one of the nicest men in the game. Because of his humility, unpretentiousness, sportsman-like qualities both on and off the playing field and, of course, his incomparable all-around playing ability and devotion to baseball, Stan Musial gets my vote as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Sportsman of the Year 1957.

HAYES MIZELL

Anderson, S.C.

PRO FOOTBALL: MARK MY WORDS

Sirs:

I was shocked and amazed to see the brilliant predictions of Tex Maule (*Run for the Money*, Oct. 7). Anybody that picks the Los Angeles Rams for first place and the Baltimore Colts for last place cannot know too much about pro football. I agree the Rams may have improved, but certainly the Colts couldn't have gone backward enough to be picked for last place. They have, probably, the most underrated quarterback in football today in Johnny Unitas. I don't say that he is the best all-round quarterback, but you can't find a better passer in the league. The Colts have defeated both the Lions and the Bears and held them to a total of 50 yards rushing, while Unitas has thrown six touchdown passes. Mark my words, on Dec. 29, 1957 you will be witnessing the Colts and either the Giants or the Browns playing for the championship in Baltimore.

MICHAEL PINTZUK

Richmond

Sirs:

Being a pro football fan, I thought that your pro football scoring reports (SI, Oct. 7) were the best articles on sport I have ever read.

But I don't agree with Tex Maule's predictions at all. The Lions are bound to make a real fight of it. I also think that since the Steelers got Parker they're bound to be up there too. He is the greatest pro coach ever.

HENRY E. NEWMAN

Delroit

BRIDGE: 36 MILLION CAN'T BE WRONG

Sirs:

Congratulations on the splendid articles by our leading Life Master, Charlie Goren. Long may he write about our tournaments in your magazine.

Incidentally, we hope the nation's sports editors have read what he had to say about bridge belonging on the sport page. With 50 million players, bridge is surely the nation's leading participant sport.

ALFRED SHEINWOLD

New York City

FIELD HOCKEY: ONE FOR THE GIRLS

Sirs:

It was wonderful to see such a fine spread on girls' field hockey (SI, Oct. 7). It was perfect in every way, showing one of the best school girl teams from the area where hockey took its foothold in the United States. We were very pleased to see recognition given to a sport enjoyed by thousands of girls all over this country every fall.

BETTY SHELLINGER

United States Field
Hockey Association
Philadelphia

X-RAY: FINAL BOW

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and its staff in putting out the superb and up-to-date *BASEBALL X-RAY* throughout the season. It was indeed a pleasure to read the leading batters, pitchers and teams of the week and also the season.

ROBERT ELKIN

Long Beach, N.Y.

*So quiet, you can
hear a ping drop!*



Precision is the secret of today's powerful, yet quiet-running engines. Pennzoil with Z-7 — 100% Pennsylvania motor oil blended with permanently active Z-7 — protects carefully fitted parts against harmful deposits, keeps your engine powerfully clean and quiet for keeps. Next time, ask your dealer for Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® motor oil, by name.

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO **CARE** FOR YOUR CAR

AND IN CANADA AT **ALL** DEALERS



Sound your Z... insist on Pennzoil

RECOMMENDED BY THE AMERICAN OVERSIGHT BOARD, PENNZOIL CO., P.O. BOX 100, HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE CHAMBERLIN
Kolapsi Kart



CHAMBERLIN Metal Products Co.
2226-A Webster, Chicago 47, Illinois

BULB BLOW? SPOILED SHOW?



BUY A PAIR! HAVE A SPARE!



G-E PROJECTION LAMPS
FOR ALL SLIDE AND MOVIE PROJECTORS
GENERAL ELECTRIC



On the menus of leading eating places and shelves of leading stores.
Send for unusual booklet.

CHARTREUSE

Yellow 60 Proof • Green 110 Proof
Schweitzer & Co., 30 Cooper St., N.Y. 3

PAT ON THE BACK



SHEILA WILLCOX The young lady in the saddle is receiving Queen Ingrid's Cup from the hands of the Queen of Denmark after winning the European Horse Trials in Copenhagen earlier this month. Largely self-taught, Sheila Willcox of Lancashire is considered by many to be the best woman rider in the world. She beat the best men riders of Europe in the three-day trials in Copenhagen—a test of horse and rider not open to women in the Olympic Games—and because of this pretty English girl's many triumphs, changes may be made in Olympic rules. The grueling and successive trials consist of dressage, rough cross-country going, and jumping.

Sheila's family has no interest in horses whatever. She embarked on her riding career at the age of 4 with half crowns spent for pony rides on the beach near Blackpool. Despite family skepticism, in 1953 she bought a 6-year-old gelding named High and Mighty on whom she has won the top equestrian events of Europe and England, including those premier competitions, Badminton and Harewood. Of her successful partnership with the great hay horse (whom she nicknamed Chips) Sheila says, "The main secret is that we learned everything we know together, and therefore we know each other perfectly." Their project at present is preparing for the Grand Prix des Dressages at the 1960 Olympics in Rome.

MODERN OLD MASTERS

Students at Chicago's famed Art Institute depict today's sports in the styles of the past

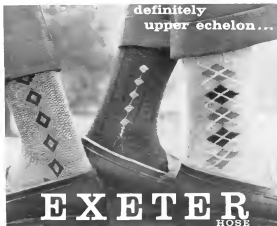


FISHERMAN by John Howard, done in the formalized style of a Persian miniature, uses the latest gear in old Eastern settings.



HOCKEY PLAYERS after scene was grouped by Artist Richard Talaber in hauntingly dramatic manner reminiscent of El Greco.

continued



THE EXECUTIVE LOOK IN LAMB'S WOOL-AND-DACRON®
Shrink-resistant, highly absorbent, remarkably long-wearing. Ask to see the new diamond herring bone weave (at left), Swiss embroidered English rib (center) and English overplaid argyle. Featured at the fine stores in your locality, from 1.50 to 2.50. • Dacron is polyester fiber

AT ALL FINE STORES, OR WRITE EXETER HOSIERY MILLS, 25-29 41ST AVENUE, LONG ISLAND CITY 3, N. Y. SHOWROOMS- 330 5TH AV. N. Y. 14 E. JACKSON BLVD, CHICAGO, ILL. 521 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Italian food
really tastes
better with

RUFFINO
Italy's Prize
CHIANTI

Schiefelin & Co., N. Y.



The Activair Shirt In Knitted Stripes

Softly muted colors in a wide range of Stripes and put stripes now add a handsome new look to our easy, hot shirt of washable Orlon and worsted. Exclusively styled with neat, trim collar and placket treatment— for active or another sportswoman who appreciates the comfort and appearance of a properly tailored shirt. About \$11.



IT'S EASY TO
KILL DUCKS
WITH THE
New Adjustable-Tone
**GREEN HEAD
DUCK CALL**
\$6.00



• Exclusive changeable tone feature really "brings 'em in". Order direct if dealer can't supply.



GREEN HEAD CO.
354—2nd Street, La Salle, Illinois.

**Ships have
changed since 1830...**



but the good taste of
TEACHER'S
never changes!

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

86 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky
Scheffelin & Co., New York

OLD MASTERS

continued



BASEBALL PLAYER is Russian-born painter would do him in the work of two students



SKIN-DIVER loaded with equipment is by Howard, in manner of Greek pottery.



SOCCER PLAYERS move about wildly after ball in Milton Gabai's folk-artistic design



HUNTER is by Elton Smith; above, in a 13th-century fashion of an Angkor wall painting.



Be the
**MOST
PAMPERED
FISHERMAN**
in the Keys!

If roughing it just isn't your cup of tea, let us in on your next Florida Keys trip. Enjoying's grand Jack Tar service superbly tends to strip adorning Private boat bunks. 35-air roads, board rooms, studios, apartments, Cabana Club, Sun Deck, Pool, Cocktail Lounge, Charcoal Grille Restaurant, Mide A. A. McInnis' Manager, for folder and rates.

Jack Tar
HOTEL
in The Keys

US Hwy No. 1, Marathon Shores, Florida



VIEWS UNLIMITED! Towering high above exclusive Beckman Hill, our rooms command superb views of the East River, U.N. and the New York skyline. Your dollar still buys a lot of good living here. Singles from \$7.00.



Beckman Tower
HOTEL

100 WEST 100th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10025

a bit of the old west in the deep south!

The magnificent Beckman Tower Hotel, located on the beautiful grounds of the Beckman Tower Hotel, is a truly unique and exclusive resort. It offers a wide variety of accommodations, including single, double, and triple rooms, as well as suites and cottages. The hotel is surrounded by beautiful landscaping and is a truly unique and exclusive resort.

JOHNNY REVOLTA
Golf For Dummies through North

GULF HILLS
Dude Ranch & Country Club

For more information, call 800-451-1000 or write Gulf Hills & Country Club, P.O. Box 47, Ocean Springs, Mississippi.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

The "ghosts" are real in this Sherwood Forest Set-to

1. "It happened on a visit to Robin Hood's old lair in the English Midlands last month," writes Gilbert Westbrook, an American friend of Canadian Club, "The 'ghosts' were actually members of the Ancient Order of Foresters. One, who called himself 'Will Scarlet,' gave me a rough-and-ready reminder that the Little John Green spirit is still alive."



2. "The legendary outlaw himself, or the man who dived the part, had given me a lesson in working the slane under an ancient oak whose ancient stones may have hidden the real Robin Hood. A lot of good the lesson did!"



3. "Dumped into a brook by 'Will Scarlet,' I quickly got a friendly boost out. Fun is fun, but that water was cold! The dunking brought me back to reality—and gave me a taste of what Robin Hood, according to the story, suffered at the hands of Little John."



4. "To prove himself no ghost, 'Robin' stood drinks at a 130-year-old inn at Bristol. Nothing makes believe about the drinks. I'd never sipped Canadian Club anywhere."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? . . . Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch, the mellowness of rye, the smooth satisfaction of bourbon.

That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. . . "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

Canadian Club

6 years old • 90.4 proof • Imported from Canada

IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY NINAN WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.





Quality at your feet



the pedwin **cyclone**

moc-toe styling with sure-footed ripple-tread sole.
In Cherrytone, Vicuna
Shag and Panama Shag.

Pedwin Division,
Brown Shoe Company,
St. Louis.

Shoe Illustrated **10⁹⁵**
Denver West **11⁹⁵**

Other styles 8.95 to 10.95
Denver West 9.95 to 11.95

Car drawing by Court Alessi deSalinoffsky
—for a free color postcard for framing, with
ad advertisement, see your nearest Pedwin dealer

pedwin
young ideas in shoes